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Withdraw the American Naval Forces from Chinese Waters! Recognize the Chinese Nationalist Government!

Statement of the Central Committee of the Workers (Communist) Party of America

THE American Government, continuing the imperialist policy which it is following in Nicaragua, and in its threats against Mexico, is concentrating war vessels in Chinese waters and hurrying marines to China.

While Secretary of State Kellogg has issued a statement containing "fair" words about the willingness of the American government to negotiate new treaties surrendering some of the power it has usurped to dictate to China what its tariff laws shall be and the extra territorial rights under which American citizens are immune from Chinese law and trial in Chinese courts, this declaration remains only words and no action is taken to abrogate the unequal treaties which are an insult to the Chinese people.

This declaration of Secretary of State Kellogg, coupled with the massing of American war forces against China, is shallow hypocrisy used to coerce China into agreement to new treaties, which will make possible the continuation of the

brutal exploitation of the Chinese people by the American capitalists.

Capitalist Imperialism in China

The Chinese people have for a half century been degraded by the bitter exploitation of the imperialist powers.

These powers have grabbed the national resources of China, established their factories in that country in which the Chinese workers have been compelled to labor for pitiable wages, they have thru their great banking houses made loans to the various Chinese warlords who aided them in the exploitation of the Chinese people, and then seized control of the Chinese tariff administration and collected the tariff to secure repayment of their loans, thereby placing new heavy burdens on the Chinese people.

In order to make the representatives of this imperialist system of exploitation immune from responsibility under Chinese laws, the imperialist powers established the principle of extra-territoriality under which these representatives could not be tried in Chinese courts.

(Continued on page 2.)

CURRENT EVENTS

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

SO our friends the enemy have re-baptized Eugene Chen, the Cantonese foreign minister, the "Czar" of the Nationalist government. Chen is a republican and has as much use for a king as a bull dog has for an Irish terrier. When the British monarchistic coal-owners wanted to discredit Cook in the eyes of the masses they nicknamed him "Emperor" tho he is painstakingly obedient to the wishes of the rank and file. They have not succeeded in their designs on Cook. They will be equally unsuccessful in their attacks on Chen.

SINCLAIR Lewis has written another book and it smells like a hammy. He has done to the clergy what he previously did to the petty bourgeois in Babbalanza and to the medical fraternity in Arrowsmith. Neither of those two categories have been put out of business and in all probability they had as good a laugh at their own pictures as the rest of us. Lewis is a great writer. We are anxious to read what Lewis has done to the clergy.

OLD ART "Mushbrain" the artful dodger of the Hearst press takes a sam at the author because he starts out to delude the clergy with a description of a soused divine. Art thinks Lewis is going too far. Poor Art is getting old and should be excused. A man with a salary of \$100,000 a year and a large income from investments should be put in a padded cell for turning out a daily column. Sinclair Lewis should get a move on and do most of his writing before he becomes a millionaire at the expense of doctors, preachers and real estate operators. We suggest that he tackle newspaper business managers next and then take a ship to Paris and stay there. He will have justified his existence.

SEVERAL readers of THE DAILY WORKER, goaded into ungovernable anger because of our jibes at christian scientists, holy rollers, bush baptists, seventh day adventists, chiropractors, sun-worshippers, vegetarians, snake-oil peddlers and freudian fanatics, have threatened to commit hari kari by choking themselves with raw alfalfa unless we turn around and charge the medical doctors with being engaged in the business of poisoning the human race. We suggest that our irate readers buy a copy of Rational Living, a magazine published by Dr. Liber, which is about the most rational bit of reading on the healing business.

(Continued on page 4.)

Jersey Bus Drivers Strike Today Unless They Get Wage Raise

Three hundred bus drivers of Jersey City and vicinity have voted to strike at 3 p. m. today unless the bosses make a move for peace before then.

The drivers voted to go on strike at a meeting held in the Orpheum Theater, Jersey City, if their demands are not met. They demand a three year contract calling for a raise in pay from \$42.50 to \$50 a week. Before they took the strike vote they offered to compromise on \$45 a week, but the bosses refused.

Edward Levy, business agent of the union, said that ultimately all the 1,800 drivers in the union might be involved and 100,000 travelers obliged to travel other than by bus in Jersey City, Bayonne and North Hudson. If the strike materializes today, it will affect about 80,000 bus riders.

SHOP CHAIRMEN OF NEEDLE TRADES URGED TO RALLY TO MEETING FOR SIXTEEN CLOAK STRIKERS SENTENCED BY ROSALSKY TO LONG JAIL TERMS

In behalf of the sixteen cloakmakers who, for their trade union activities, have been sentenced to long terms in jail, the Shop Chairmen's Council of the Cloak and Dress unions has issued a call for aid. An urgent invitation has also been sent to all shop chairmen of the needle industry and all labor organizations, to attend a conference today in Webster Hall at 1 p. m.

First Appeal.

This is the first time in the history of the I. L. G. W. U. that such an appeal has gone out. "In the face of such a critical situation, when our union has been exhausted by five months of civil war," says the Shop Chairmen's letter, "we are now confronted with a most trying and critical problem."

"Sixteen members of our union, the most active in our ranks, workers who were ready to sacrifice their lives in order to improve the conditions of their fellow workers, have been placed behind iron bars in prison for long terms."

Must Free Victims.

"These union men must be freed. Under normal circumstances our cloakmakers' union could, through its own efforts and with its own resources, maintain their families and work to bring about their release. The trying circumstances however,

under which our union finds itself today are such that we must have the active co-operation of other labor organizations in order to secure their freedom."

Today's meeting is to be the beginning of a vigorous campaign to rally the workers of all trades in a demand for the release of the cloakmakers who through Sigman's tactics and Judge Rosalsky's brutality have been sent to prison for such unprecedented terms.

Rosalsky Is Too Busy; Cloak Strikers Wait For Hearing in Jail

Pressure of court business was the reason given for postponing the sentencing of the two cloak strikers, Max Gorenstein and Oscar Newman, who were to have appeared before Judge Rosalsky in General Sessions yesterday.

They were held in the Tombs over night and their cases are to be heard today. Jacob Goldstein, who attempted to commit suicide two days ago, was still ill to appear for sentencing.

Neckwear Makers Faker Hates Forty-Hour Week "Communists Support"

Opposition to the 40-hour week has originated in a new quarter. According to reports of members of the United Neckwear Makers' union, their manager, L. D. Berger, at the last meeting, stated that he was against the five-day week because the idea originated in the Communist movement.

Mr. Berger in his excitement went so far as to say he would favor a 50-hour week if it originated in the Neckwear Makers' union. Apparently anything is better than a good idea if it comes from printers, carpenters, furriers, cloakmakers and automobile workers.

Several other original ideas were presented at the membership meeting of the neckwear workers this week. One, coming from Louis Fuchs, was that members be fined a dollar if they missed a meeting. On the surface this sounds business-like, and quite appropriate from a business agent. But it followed a proposition that meetings of this local be held regularly every two weeks, since there was growing criticism of the fact that the union rarely held any meetings at all. Apparently Mr. Fuchs's motion about a heavy fine was intended to defeat the move for regular meetings.

Gave Sigman Cash.

The absence of regular meetings made it possible, a month ago, for the Executive Committee to present Sigman with \$5,000 without consulting the membership. Another \$5,000 was voted this week, in spite of one speaker's objection that this union had given only \$25 to the 16,000 Passaic strikers, and \$300 to the 12,000 striking furriers. There were no more speeches on the matter after this.

The condition of this union may be judged further from the fact that a shop chairmen's meeting decreed that any member who failed to attend the armory meetings called by the right wing of the trade unions, January 20, should be fined ten dollars.

Information on U. S. Secret Deal With a Foreign Power Asked

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4. — Demand for information as to whether the American government has a secret understanding with any foreign power for military action in China was made in a resolution introduced today by Rep. Black (D) of New York.

Black proposed that the foreign affairs committee be instructed to obtain the information from Secretary of State Kellogg.

"There are too many American ships and soldiers going to China," said Black. "There have been reports from Europe that the United States has a secret understanding with the British for possible military action."

Left Wing Wins Unprecedented Garment Vote

Locals Re-elect Militant Officers in Heavy Poll

An unusually heavy vote was polled at the elections in Locals 2, 9 and 35 of the I. L. G. W. U. which were carried on Thursday under the auspices of the Council of Shop Chairmen.

The tellers turned in their complete count at noon yesterday, after they had spent all night at the polls which closed at ten o'clock. They announced that Joseph Boruchowitz was re-elected manager of Local 2 by a majority of 2,300 out of 2,500 votes cast; Abraham Zirin was re-elected manager of Local 9, by a majority of 1,344 votes out of 1,400 cast; and Joseph Goretzky was re-elected manager of Local 35 by a majority of 950 out of 1,100 votes cast.

Manager Just Out.

Arrangements for the elections in Local 35 had been delayed because Manager Goretzky was only released a few days ago after spending two weeks in jail. He was one of seven men whose bail was unaccountably raised from \$1,000 to \$25,000 by Judge Otto Rosalsky some weeks ago, following their indictment during the cloakmakers' strike.

Two prisoners, held because of strike activities, participated in the election in Local 2. They sent their wives with proxy votes and letters to the judges of the election asking to be allowed to cast a vote in this way since they could not vote in person. Their request was granted. Joint Board leaders declared the vote was the largest polled in many years in these locals.

Coal Gas Poisoning.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—Eleven members of one family were found unconscious from coal gas poisoning today and at noon physicians were still working to save their lives. Those overcome are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph and their nine children.

Cantonese Win Big Victory Over Fang

Road Now Open for Revolutionary Army's Drive To Capture Shanghai

SHANGHAI, Feb. 4.—Sun Chuan Fang, so-called "defender" of Shanghai against the Cantonese, has suffered a staggering defeat in the neighborhood of Hangchow, according to reliable reports received here.

The battle is reported to have been light in so far as casualties go, but the defeat of Sun Chuan Fang is regarded as ominous here as it is not likely now that he can reorganize his forces and stem the Cantonese drive on Shanghai.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—The British cabinet held a second lengthy session late this afternoon. The cabinet, it is understood, has now asked Eugene Chen for full information regarding guarantees he will give for the protection of "life and property" in China, providing British troops enroute to Shanghai are recalled. Chen has already given ample assurances that the Cantonese government is capable of guaranteeing the safety of all nationals in its territory.

The cabinet has not yet made known its decision as to the diversion of the troops now enroute to China, but there is a general belief here that the troops will be maintained at points outside of Shanghai. This opinion appears to be backed up by a dispatch from Hong Kong to the effect that the second Suffolk regiment has arrived there and is being held for further orders.

The faction in the cabinet which has long sought the abrogation of the Anglo-Soviet agreement is again demanding a break with Russia.

Sir William Joynsen-Hicks, home secretary, in a statement declared: "It is unfortunate and not a little peculiar that the Chinese nationalist anti-foreign bias should have been directed mainly against the British. For this it seems the Soviet government is largely responsible."

Chen Will Reply To U. S.

SHANGHAI, Feb. 4. — Eugene Chen, in charge of the foreign affairs of the Chinese nationalist government, announced today that he had been unable to reply to the United States statement regarding America's Chinese policy because of the press of the negotiations with England. He added that he will reply in a few days.

Bill to Bar Aged City Employees in New York

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 4. — New York City employees, who have passed the age of 80, would be permitted to continue to hold their positions, under a bill introduced in the legislature today by Assemblyman Ricca, Kings republican.

Wall Street's Mercenaries in Nicaragua



Photo shows detachment of United States sailors setting up machine gun posts in Managua, Nicaragua. This is the way the United States is carrying "democracy" to Latin-America.

WHY SHANGHAI IS IMPORTANT



All of China, to a large extent, is dependent upon Shanghai, for it not only is the chief port of China and the eighth largest port in the world, but it collects forty per cent of the Chinese customs. It is the center of large British interests. Its population is estimated at 1,539,000. Above is a photo of the Shanghai Bund (at right) and (in foreground), Nanking Road, scene of recent rioting. Arrow in picture points to a Sikh policeman of the "international city" of Shanghai. Dressed like an English bobby, he is resented by the Chinese. Below is a map of Shanghai, showing both the international city and the French concession.

A BRITISH CONCESSION IN CHINA



Remarkable air view of the commercial and residential sections of Hong Kong, British crown colony on the coast of China.

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FORD TAX TRIAL EVIDENCE SHOWS FORD NOT NEEDED

Great Corporations Run By Own Momentum

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4. — Henry Ford, America's first billionaire, with enormous assets and a clear field, occupied an "incomparable position" in the motor industry in 1913 and Ford stock was a "good buy" in 1913 at \$10,000 a share, according to testimony adduced today before the board of tax appeals.

Today's principal witness was Pierce C. Ward, an investment banker of Chicago.

Business Runs Itself.
If Henry Ford had dropped out of the business at that time, it would have made little difference in its future history, the expert declared. He stated that its policies were well established by that time, and its control of the situation secure, so that the "gigantic momentum of the business would carry it along." He described it as too "big a business to be affected by one man."

Others Run Same Way.
Ward cited the cases of the American Telephone and Telegraph company, the Hill and Harriman railroads and Marshall Field of Chicago as examples of great corporations built up by outstanding men.

"When the builders dropped out, the corporations continued to prosper," Ward declared.

Ford The Richest.
Government counsel sought to compare the Ford situation with that of the General Motors corporation, but Ward insisted that "General Motors is not in as favorable a position now as was Ford in 1913."

"This is without reflection on General Motors," he added. "Ford in 1913 practically dominated the small car field, while today General Motors is faced with a different competitive situation."

General Motors stock was valued at twice its annual earnings in 1913, and about 7 1/2 times the earnings at the present time, he said.

"Ford stock in 1913 was a better buy at ten times the annual earnings than was General Motors at twice the earnings," Ward said.

Virtual Monopoly.
"With a virtual monopoly and little danger of serious competition for some years to come, Ford was in an incomparable position in the motor field," Ward declared.

The government, which claims Ford stock was worth approximately \$3,000 a share in that year, sought to break down Ward's testimony, by forcing him to compare that stock with the securities of other motor companies.

Capitalized Profits.
Ward, however, in explaining his valuation made on a basis of ten times the annual earnings of the Ford company, insisted that Ford's position was unique and could not be compared to that of other corporations.

Ward declared that a number of other first class industrial corporations were recapitalized in 1913, the valuation being fixed at from 8 1/2 to 11 3/4 times the normal annual earnings.

"However, Ford's position was much stronger than any of these corporations," Ward said.

"A conservative valuation of the Ford business in 1913 would be placed at \$200,000,000."

Building Contractors Leave Bricks and Tools

A wind storm rattled through the metropolitan district early yesterday imperiling lives and causing considerable damage.

The 60-mile gale clipped off bricks and lumber in buildings under construction, endangering pedestrians and in some cases delaying vehicular traffic.

Bricks, lumber and workmen's tools rained down into the Borough Hall square section of Brooklyn when scaffolding on the twenty-fifth floor of the half completed Temple Court building, Court and Montague streets, was shaken loose by the wind.

It was necessary to rope off the square, delaying trolley car service and handicapping thousands of pedestrians.

About \$400,000 Profits In Ford Company Store

Henry Ford made \$400,000 from his company stores last year, says a report to the Daily News Record. Annual business was \$12,000,000. The Ford stores sell garments, shoes and many other personal goods in his Detroit territory and in the neighborhood of important assembly plants in other cities.

Withdraw the American Naval Forces From Chinese Waters! Recognize the Chinese Nationalist Government!

(Continued from page 1.)

or under Chinese law, but were responsible only in the courts which the powers set up in China.

Together with these foreign courts the imperialist powers forced upon China their own police forces and quartered their marines and military forces in Chinese territory. They established within China their concession areas on which foreign cities, harboring the imperialist exploiters and their industries, were built within the borders of China, governed by the imperialist powers.

The imperialist exploiters paraded through China as if they were some sort of overlords or gods before whom the Chinese people must cover in abject obedience. Actually they were imperialist robbers, who enforced their exploitation through the ever threatening guns of their war vessels, their private police forces, their marines and their regiments of foreign soldiers.

The Government at Washington has helped to establish and maintain this system of imperialist exploitation, together with the imperialist governments of Great Britain, Japan, France, Germany, before it was stripped of its position in China during the World War, and imperialist Russia of the Czar. While the American government was a late comer in the game of imperialist exploitation of China and had no concession areas in China, it shared in the tariff control and enforced its extra-territoriality treaties. The occasional hesitation in supporting imperialist aggression in China by the other imperialist powers, or even opposition, on the part of the United States, was not inspired by friendship to China, but by a desire to improve its own position as an imperialist exploiter of China.

Chinese Nationalists Challenge Imperialist Rule

It is against this system of imperialist exploitation through which the imperialist powers preyed upon China, that the Chinese Nationalist Government (Canton) is fighting. It is because the Canton government has declared that it will continue its fight until this system, under which the Chinese people have been made the slaves of the imperialists, is wiped out, that the Chinese people have rallied to its support.

The Chinese Nationalist armies have swept forward from victory to victory because they are fighting for the liberation of the Chinese people. The Chinese warlords, usually puppets of and subsidized by one or the other of the imperialist powers, have been unable to halt the nationalist movement.

It is against this Chinese Nationalist Government, now sweeping forward toward Shanghai, the center of imperialist exploitation in China, that the American government is now sending its warships and hurrying its marines from San Diego, Guam and Manila. Although Coolidge and Kellogg pretend to express friendship to the aims of the nationalist movement, in fact they are following the policy of Great Britain in massing military forces at Shanghai in an effort to coerce and intimidate the Canton Nationalist Government.

Soviet Russia Is the Only Friend of China

If the government of Coolidge really meant the professions in the statement of Secretary of State Kellogg there is an easy way for it to demonstrate its intentions. It should surrender its imperialist privileges in China. It should cease trying to split up China by supporting various warlords. It should recognize the Canton Nationalist Government as the government of China.

The Government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics has shown the way. It has declared null and void all unequal treaties with China made by the Czar, such as those through which extra-territoriality and tariff control was established. It has surrendered the right to special courts, to maintain police and military forces in China. It has returned to China the concessions wrung from it by the imperialist government of the Czar. It has recognized the Canton Nationalist Government.

That is why the Canton Nationalist Government considers the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics its friend.

IF COOLIDGE AND KELLOGG WANT TO PROVE THAT THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT IS SYMPATHETIC TO THE ASPIRATION OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE FOR FREEDOM FROM IMPERIALIST EXPLOITATION LET THEM FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE UNION OF SOCIALIST SOVIET REPUBLICS.

But the American government under the direction of Coolidge and Kellogg will do nothing of the kind. The American government represents the American capitalist exploiters of China. It makes statements containing some "fair words," but rushes war vessels and marines to China to protect the property rights and the imperialist exploitation of China by the American capitalists.

Workers and Farmers Must Speak for Chinese Liberation

It is the workers and farmers of the United States, and not the imperialist government of the capitalists, who are the friends of the Chinese people in their struggle against imperialist exploitation.

The workers and farmers of the United States must take up the cause of the Chinese workers and the peasants by taking up the struggle in their interests against the government of Coolidge and Kellogg.

The threats of military coercion against China contained in the sending of American warships and marines to China is but another indication that the policy of fighting for investments and profits of Wall Street banking houses, which has already led to the invasion of Nicaragua and threats of war against Mexico is leading this country into a new imperialist war.

The workers and farmers of this country must redouble their struggle against the imperialism of the Washington government, if they are not to be led forth to give their lives in a war for Wall Street investments.

The representatives of a quarter of a million farmer-labor voters in Minnesota, through a state farmer-labor conference, have declared their determination to fight the imperialist policies of the government and demanded the impeachment of Secretary of State Kellogg. The workers and farmers throughout the whole country must follow this example and organize conferences from all workers' and farmers' organizations for the fight against American imperialism.

Hands off China!

Withdraw the American marines from Nicaragua!

No war with Mexico for American oil interests!

Cancel the unequal treaties with China!

Withdraw American naval forces from Chinese waters!

Recognize the Canton nationalist government of China!

Workers and farmers unite for the fight against American imperialism under these slogans!

Central Committee,

Workers (Communist) Party of America.

C. E. Ruthenberg, General Secretary.

Carmi Thompson Plan In Philippine Bill

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—Control of the Philippines and other insular possessions of the United States would be removed from the war and navy departments and placed in the hands of a civilian bureau under terms of a bill introduced today by Senator Willis (R) of Ohio.

This plan was recommended by Col. Carmi A. Thompson in his report to President Coolidge on conditions in the Philippines.

French Have New Seaplane

PARIS, Feb. 4.—Another means by which capitalist lackeys can exterminate each other has been added to the French navy. A seaplane, the smallest in the world, capable of being taken apart and packed aboard a submarine, was delivered today. At a convenient point, the submarine can rise to the surface, and in nine seconds the plane can be assembled. Many dozens are to be constructed, since one is to form part of the equipment of every submarine in the French fleet.

BOOSTER TOWNS OF SOUTH GROW ON NEGRO BACKS

Segregated Race Lives In Shacks and Toils

(Special to The Daily Worker).

By THURBER LEWIS.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 4.—"Colored Waiting Room" is the first sign that hits your eye as you step off the train in this metropolis of the south-land. "Detention Home for Colored Children," greets you as you ride along in a street car that has a special section for Negroes.

I was told that at least half of the city is populated by Negroes. In the environs of Memphis you see mansions that would put many a Gold Coast or Fifth Avenue town house in its place. The Negro workers live in shacks that would not be used for live-stock in Iowa.

Wooden Windows.
Windows appear to be a luxury. I saw many a "house" with wooden swing windows that have to be shut to keep out the child—and the light. Memphis is rated as a rich and up-and-coming town. No doubt it is. It is a big cotton market as well as a lumber center. It is obviously up-and-coming on the backs of the underpaid and abused Negro worker. And yet white workers' homes that I saw seem to have left much to be desired.

It may seem peculiar for one to write of the south as of a foreign country. Yet that outstanding and ever present fact of a large, enslaved and segregated race that hits you in the face wherever you look makes it impossible to take any other view in correspondence to be read in the north where the fact—though it exists there too—is not so compelling.

Farmers Suffer.
In the country, the Negro, and also the white, cotton farmers are suffering acutely. This year's cotton crop was ruinous. On top of this has come a devastating drought. You see "homes" in the country, inhabited by both Negro and white tenants that challenge your credulity—it is impossible to believe that human beings will live in them.

Southern Booster Burgs.
Memphis, Atlanta, Birmingham, Decatur and New Orleans may all be "booster" burgs with rich mansions and jangling Klaverns fairly bursting with prosperity—the south may be reflecting the "good times" that is turning the A. F. of L. officials into trustees and bank directors—but a cursory study of southern dwellings for workers will show that the boom has still far to go to make itself felt very warmly by the mass of workers and farmers south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Pankhurst Now Conservative.
LONDON, Feb. 3.—Emmeline Pankhurst, who was once at the head of suffragists storming the House of Commons, will now seek entry to that body via the ballot box. She has been selected as the conservative candidate for the White Chapel and St. George's division.

Gas Kills Four.
Four men were found dead from gas poisoning in a house at 6508 Hull avenue, Maspeth, Queens, early today. Two of the men lived in the dwelling. The others were their guests.

The best comparison of the spirit of organized labor in the two countries.

The significant fact, however, is that the Chinese workers win an agreement to raise wages semi-annually, which shows that Chinese labor feels it has been in the depths of exploitation and is coming up, while wage cuts are being forced on America's unorganized workers, or, as in the case of the United Mine Workers of America, the coal diggers are now being asked to continue working for the same wages under the Jacksonville Agreement of 1923.

It is not stated just what the two months' wages were for, probably for the time the workers were engaged in the strike. This is probable since the men discharged are to get a "present" of a like amount. Mexican labor has often enforced a similar demand. Another reason for American armed intervention, of course.

Phillips, First Canadian Envoy
WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—The appointment of William Phillips, now ambassador to Belgium as America's first diplomatic envoy to Canada, was officially announced today by the state department.

Ships Ashore, Endanger Crews.
WOODS HOLE, Mass., Feb. 4.—Two coal steamers, Norfolk to Boston and Vineyard Sound.

The steamer Selwyn Eddy, with 29 men aboard, was pounding on the shoals of Tarpan Cove, Naushon Island.

Model Killed, Says Sister.
Mrs. Charles W. Schwefel of 219-18 107th street, Queens Village, sister of Marion Hunt, beautiful cloak model, who was found dead from a bullet wound early Friday morning outside Mrs. Schwefel's home, declared today that she believes her sister was murdered.

Catch \$2,000,000 Rum Runners.
Motions by defense attorneys to dismiss the indictments against three of the men on trial on charges of conspiracy to violate the Volstead act in connection with the landing of a \$2,000,000 rum cargo from the steamship Eker at Edgewater, N. J., were denied today by Federal Judge Isaac N. Meekings.

Injured in Train Wreck.
SOUTH BEND, Ind., Feb. 4.—A broken arm was the worst injury today in the wreck of the Detroit to Chicago flyer of the Wabash Railroad, in which two pullman cars left the rails and overturned throwing passengers into panic. The wreck occurred three miles east of Uxatt, Indiana.

Finance Board Lifts Price.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—The War Finance Corporation announced today that it had instructed the federal reserve bank in New York to raise the price, on Feb. 15, of the unsold balance of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation, rapid transit securities 6 per cent gold bonds owned by the corporation, to par, plus accrued interest and less a commission of one quarter of 1 per cent of par value to be allowed to bankers and other recognized bond dealers and brokers.

Roll in the Subs For The DAILY WORKER.

Chinese Labor Fighting Standard Oil Company Has Its Trade Unions

By J. LOUIS ENGDAHL.

IN the United States the workers producing profits for the Rockefeller family who dominate the Standard Oil Company are not organized.

It should be interesting to American organized labor to learn that Chinese workers employed by Standard Oil in the Orient do have their trade unions.

This also recalls again, for instance, that the mighty army of workers in this country toiling for the richest man in the world, Henry Ford, are entirely without organization. Ford's wealth now tops the two-billion mark, according to experts. The pile grows ever more rapidly as Ford coins new methods of robbing the workers on his payroll of the wealth they produce.

But in little Denmark, where Ford also has a flivver plant, the workers are organized, and recently won a strike against the Ford billions.

Cabled reports state that recently the Chinese workers employed by the Standard Oil Company had a little tilt with Rockefeller's gold. One of their number had been discharged "for dishonesty." That is a charge that usually covers a multitude of sins. No doubt it was the result of loyalty to the principles of Canton and the national revolutionary government rather than adherence to the Manchurian war lord, Chang Tso Lin, and his Peking outfit, that created the prejudice against him.

The big point, however, is that the Chinese workers stood loyally by their comrade who was fired. They developed such solidarity as labor has never displayed in the industrial hell of Standard Oil in this country. Thus the New York World reports the result of the struggle as follows:

"The company has signed terms to settle the strike which include a \$3 raise for every man, a promise to pay two months' wages and a 'present' of a like amount to every man discharged and an agreement to raise pay semi-annually."

It is not stated just what the two months' wages were for, probably for the time the workers were engaged in the strike. This is probable since the men discharged are to get a "present" of a like amount. Mexican labor has often enforced a similar demand. Another reason for American armed intervention, of course.

The significant fact, however, is that the Chinese workers win an agreement to raise wages semi-annually, which shows that Chinese labor feels it has been in the depths of exploitation and is coming up, while wage cuts are being forced on America's unorganized workers, or, as in the case of the United Mine Workers of America, the coal diggers are now being asked to continue working for the same wages under the Jacksonville Agreement of 1923.

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OPORTO GARRISON DEMANDS RETURN TO CONSTITUTION

State Rail Employees Out on Strike

LIBSON, Portugal, Feb. 4. — Although rumors prevail that the garrison of Oporto to the commercial center of the country, has surrendered and that its mutiny and attempted revolution is at an end, there is as yet no confirmation. At four o'clock the government stated that previous reports of the end of the revolt were inaccurate, but that loyalist troops surrounded the city, and that negotiations for surrender were going on.

Strike Starts.

Meanwhile, taking advantage of the situation, the state railway employees have struck, and the government is trying to conduct an emergency truck service, using army truck drivers. Troops also guard the tracks.

All Portugal is under martial law. There has been a little fighting and a few casualties.

The rebellious garrison at Oporto, is now revealed, telegraphed the government, demanding that it resign and return the country to a constitutional administration.

Idaho Solons Plan Bill To More Exploit Prison Labor on County Roads

BOISE, Idaho, Feb. 4.—Further exploitation of prison labor will be sanctioned in the state of Idaho if a bill introduced in the house of representatives of the state legislature here today is eventually passed. The bill permits county commissioners to hire county prisoners for labor other than public works on the highways, school, good roads, and irrigation districts. Proceeds from this labor are divided 25 per cent to single prisoners and 75 per cent to the families of married prisoners. Balance reverts to "the general county fund."

Alien Registration Comes Up in House; Called "Voluntary"

Provisions for a system of voluntary registration by aliens who desire to become citizens of the United States would be made in a bill just introduced in the house by Representative Holiday (Rep.) of Illinois.

Under the terms of the bill, the department would furnish application blanks, which would contain information relative to the history of the applicant, when filled out by the alien, and that any alien who has been in the United States for a period of five years preceding registration shall not be subject to deportation.

Tourist Club "The Friend of Nature."

Sunday, February 6th, we hike to Long Beach. This is the time of the year when it is very interesting along the coast. Stormy seas with thousands of sea gulls flying about combine to make this a hike that is far above the ordinary. Sand dunes and driftwood bear evidence of the herculean power of the sea. We hope many grasp the opportunity to spend a pleasant day away from the city.

Meeting place, Municipal Building (downstairs at entrance to trains) time, 8 a. m.; those living in Brooklyn, Long Island R. R. Jamaica Station waiting room; 9 a. m.; walking time, 3 hours. Fare, \$1.00; leader, Will Beck. Non-members are always welcome provided they are nature-loving proletarians.

Ten Cent Fare in Syracuse.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 4.—Trolley fares in Syracuse will be increased on Feb. 10 from 7 to 10 cents, under a ruling made today by the public service commission.

Read the "BOLSHEVIK"

A drama written on the American style

by

Leon Hausman

Author and Playwright

One Dollar and Ten Cents

sent to

LEON HAUSMAN

"BOLSHEVIK"

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in English for the present.

Translations may be had at a later date.

Dance and Ball

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THE DAILY WORKER

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Injunctions for All Occasions.

A hailstorm of injunctions is sweeping over New York labor these days. Every day brings some new injunction. The capitalist politicians are not only granting injunctions to prevent striking and picketing but in the case of the traction workers the injunction restrains them from organizing new men. In the case of a painter's union, an injunction restrains the union from exercising authority over their own members and preventing the union from expelling scabs.

In Local No. 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, the local membership has been restrained from exercising its right to try to remove from office those guilty of graft and corruption, after a previous injunction tied the hands of the international office from trying these officers on the grounds that the local membership had the right of trial.

The injunction has become a noose around the neck of labor, that is strangling union organization and seeking to snuff out the life of trade unionism. By the clever procedure of issuing injunctions first and arguing them afterwards, the enemies of labor realize the aim of demoralizing the workers. In many instances the injunction achieves its purpose even before being finally decided by the courts.

There is only one method of dealing with injunctions. This holds true for injunctions against striking, picketing or organizing or injunctions that hamper the honest elements in the unions in dealing with their misleaders. That method is to ignore them and proceed with business. Hesitation and vacillation serve the enemies of labor. Any other method means to help the open shop employers or the scabs and thieves within the union that obtain injunctions preventing the rank and file from taking action against them. The A. F. of L. at its Atlantic City convention issued the slogan of "Defy the Injunctions". This is the slogan for the traction workers. It is the slogan for the honest elements in Local No. 3 of the I. B. E. W. in their dispute with their corrupt leaders. Any other course will lead to demoralization and will serve the ends of the grafters and open shoppers.

A law to prevent the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes must be unequivocally a demand for prohibition of the injunctions. They are unconstitutional. They deny the right of trial by jury. Labor is powerful enough if it exercises its strength to put such a law on the statute books. It can be done if the full strength of Labor politically is mobilized for this purpose. The old-time politicians will not grant such a law. Labor's own men representing a Labor Party could make the proper fight against this judicial octopus that is crushing out the life of organized labor. A Labor Party is what is needed just now.

Saving Kellogg's Carcass

By a vote of eight to five the senate committee on foreign relations rejected a resolution offered by Senator Norris calling for an investigation of Secretary of State Kellogg's conspiracy with the Associated Press in circulating a story to the effect that the Mexican government was attempting to organize a Communist confederation in Latin America to the detriment of the interests of the United States.

Kellogg knew that he was lying when he pulled off this frame-up. He knew that Calles is not a Communist or anything like it, but a representative of the rising bourgeoisie of Mexico, basing his administration on that element and on the trade union movement headed by Luis Morones, his minister of labor, commerce and industry.

But Kellogg needed an excuse for his bullying of Mexico in the interests of the Doheny-Sinclair-Standard Oil-Mellon oil interests, the copper barons and the big American landowners like William Randolph Hearst. Thru the assistant secretary of state, Mr. Olds, Kellogg invited representatives of three news distributing agencies to the state department and asked them to co-operate in spreading this faked news, without incriminating the state department. Only the Associated Press agreed to this proposal.

A reporter for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch exposed the plot and Kellogg was in hot water. The move to investigate this manufacturer of lies was the result.

Senator Willis of Ohio as much as admitted that Kellogg lied but voted against the resolution on the ground that a finding unfavorable to Coolidge would damage his prestige and weaken the state department at this moment while the Chinese, Nicaraguan and Mexican questions remain unsettled.

Here is a splendid example of the limits to which our lying statesmen will go in order to justify their conduct. Here is another reason why a worker should be as willing to believe the tale of an exposed confidence man as the word of a capitalist politician.

Hugh Frayne, the General Organizer of the American Federation of Labor in New York, declared at the Central Trades and Labor Council meeting that the injunction against the traction workers "has prevented the organizers of that union and himself from organizing these workers. We have to obey these injunctions," he continued, "whether they are just or not. In this way the spirit of the workers is broken."

Mr. Frayne calls himself a 100-per cent A. F. of L. man. Yet the A. F. of L. declared, at its conventions, that the way to beat these injunctions is to defy them and in that way prevent the "spirit of the workers from being broken." The striking cloakmakers did it and nullified the injunction. The courts dare not even mention that their injunction was broken. This is the way to deal with injunctions.

First Signs of a Downward Trend in Industry

By C. E. RUTHENBERG
General Secretary, Workers (Communist) Party of America.

THE end of the year 1926 was the signal for the letting loose of a chorus of hallelujahs of joy over the great height which production and prosperity had reached in this country during that year. Bankers, brokers, merchants and manufacturers joined in the chorus and expatiated on the impregnable position which American industry had gained. Even William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, added his voice to the general cry of "all is well."

With these excited cries over the great profits which were rolling into the coffers of the exploiting class went predictions that 1927 would equally be prosperous and profitable as had been the year 1926. While here and there a note of caution was expressed about the coming year, the chorus of prosperity shouters were in accord upon the estimate that 1927 would be another boom year for the exploiters of labor.

Some figures have just become available which throw light on the question of the present tendency of industry in this country. These figures represent a wet blanket upon the optimism of the prosperity shouters. They show that a distinct downward tendency has made itself felt in industry and that in place of the pace of 1926 being maintained, or even a greater height in production being reached, that a tapering off of production and employment has begun.

The first of these figures are those gathered by the Department of Labor in regard to employment in the manufacturing industry. The department received reports from 10,117 establishments in 54 industries for December. It makes its comparison with employment in these industries in 1925, which is indicated by the index figures 100. In November, 1926, this index of employment stood at 91.4 and in December it had decreased to 90.9. Comparing December, 1925, with December, 1926, we get the index figure of 92.6 for the first and

90.9 for the latter, showing a decrease of 1.7 between the two years.

These figures standing alone might not be very significant, as they could be considered as representing a temporary fluctuation in industry, but in combination with other factors they are a clear indication that a downward tendency of industry has begun.

The steel industry, for instance, shows even a more marked recession. There has been a decline in production for several months. The prosperity shouters consoled themselves with the interpretation that this was merely a seasonal reduction in the production of steel, which would be overcome with the opening of the new year. Production in December, 1926, was 74% of capacity. In January, 1927, that is a year ago, it was 88 to 89% of capacity. It was expected that January 1927 would raise the percentage to that of January, 1926, but the first estimates made public indicate that the past month will only show about the same production as December. That means a fall off of production in the steel industry of 14 to 15% for January of this year as compared to last year.

It has long been an axiom in American industry that the steel industry is first to show the general trend of industry, because it produces the raw material which so many other industries use and the falling of orders for steel indicate an early falling off of production in other industries. Steel is showing the way in a one-seventh reduction in production over last year.

The Purchasing Power of the Farmers.

The purchasing power of the various economic groups has a strong bearing upon the future of industry. If this purchasing power is reduced through the reduction of the earnings of a particular economic group, this is bound to reflect itself in the general development of industry.

In considering this phase of the situation we have the important fact that the total value of the principal agricultural crops for 1926 was more than a billion dollars less than in 1925. In other words, the farmers will have a billion dollars less of purchasing power for 1927 than they had in 1926.

Building and Automobile.

The building industry has shown a decrease in contracts awarded month by month since last May, as compared with the same months of the year before. This reduction in the volume of new building does not affect the workers concerned in building construction only, but the workers who produce building construction material. Less work means less wages and a lower purchasing power in buying the products of other industries, thus contributing to the other factors which are producing a recession in production in this country.

The automobile industry was one of the industries which shared in the boom of 1926, producing more cars than for any previous year. There are many signs that the market for new automobiles is narrowing. The total of the number of automobiles now in use in the United States has reached the enormous figure of over 20,000,000 cars, and it seems improbable that a market can be found to absorb the high rate of production which has existed in this industry during recent years.

The Outlook for 1927.

While the factors discussed above indicate the general tendency of industry, that is, a general recession in production with an increase in unemployment, it must not be inferred that there is an immediate danger of a depression or crisis. For some months yet we may look forward to fairly general employment.

The tendency of industry, however, is downward. How deep-going the depression will be is not yet apparent, but that it is in the offing is indicated by all the factors governing industry. If such a depression comes it will bring with it a sharpening of the struggle between the workers and the employers, who will as usual take advantage of it to endeavor to reduce wages and enforce less favorable working conditions upon the workers generally.

The facts now becoming apparent indicate that the chorus of glee with which the new year was opened was in the nature of shouting to keep up the courage of the exploiters rather than a viewpoint based upon the actual situation in the industry of this country.



III

Back in Paris, and there were long letters from Verne; the government had filed suit for the return of its oil lands, and the Sunny-side tract was in the hands of a receiver, and, all the development stopped. But they were not to worry—their organization would be put to work on the various foreign concessions, and as for the money, what they were getting out of Paradise would keep them in old age.

Strange to say, Dad worried scarcely at all. Mrs. Olivier had discovered a new medium, even more wonderful than the others, and this Polish woman with bad teeth and epilepsy had brought up from the depths of the universal consciousness the spirit of Dad's grandfather, who had crossed the continent in a covered wagon and perished in the Mohave desert; also there was the spirit of an Indian chief whom the old pioneer had killed during the journey. Most fascinating to listen while the two warriors told about this early war between the reds and the whites!

Bertie was furious, of course; she didn't dare say much to Dad, for the old man was still the boss, and would tell her "where to get off." She took it out on Bunny, storming at him, because he was the one who might have saved Dad from this dangerous vamp. Bunny couldn't help laughing, because Mrs. Olivier was so far from the type which the Hollywood directors had taught him to recognize; a stoutish, elderly lady, sweet and sentimental, with a soft, caressing

voice—it was too funny to listen to her coo to the fierce and surly Indian chief, "Now, Red Wolf in the Rain, are you going to be nice to us this evening? We are so glad to hear you again! Captain Rose's little grandson is here, and wants you to tell us if the faces of the redmen are white in your happy world."

Bunny was taking Vee about to see Paris; a city which was exhibiting to the world the moral collapse of capitalist imperialism. In the theatres of this culture centre you might see a stage of crowded naked women, their bodies painted every color of the rainbow; some of them died of the poisoning which this treatment inflicted upon the system, but meantime the war for democracy was justified. While Bunny was there, the artists of the city took offense because the managers of the underground railway objected to an obscene advertisement; to express their scorn of censorship, some hundreds of men and women emerged at dawn, having torn off their clothing in drunken orgies, and invaded the subway cars entirely naked. These beauty-creators and guides of the future held a festival once every year, the Quatres Arts Ball, a famous event to which Vee, as a visiting artist, was welcome; and here, when the revels were at their height, you might stroll about a vast hall, and see, upon platforms set against the walls, the actual enactment of every variety of abnormal vice which human degeneracy had been able to conceive.

With the time he had left from such diversions, Bunny was preparing for "The Young Student," a moving protest against the Roumanian White Terror. He left this nearly completed manuscript on the writing table in his hotel room, and when he came back it was gone, and inquiries among the hotel staff brought no information. Two days later Bertie came to him with another tantrum; she knew all the contents of his manuscript, and what shame he was bringing upon their heads! "So Eldon's been setting spies on me!" exclaimed Bunny, ready to get hot himself; but Bertie said rubbish, Eldon had nothing to do with it, it was the French secret service. Did he imagine for a moment the government was failing to keep track of Bolshevik propaganda? Or that they would let him use their country as a centre of plotting against the peace of Europe?

Bunny wanted to know, were they so silly as to imagine they could keep him from writing home what he had learned in Vienna? He would do the article over, and find ways to get it to America in spite of all the spies. Then Bertie actually broke down and wept; of all countries for him to pick out — Roumania! Here she had been pulling wires to get Eldon appointed to a high diplomatic post, with the combined influence of Verne, in Washington and Prince Marescu in Bucharest; and now Bunny came along and smeared them with his filth!

And more than that! Blind fool, couldn't he see that Marescu was interested in Vee? Did he want to give her up to him? The prince would of course hear about this matter through the French government, which was arming Roumania against Russia. Suppose he were to come back to Paris and challenge Bunny to a duel? The young smart-aleck answered, "We'll fight with tennis rackets!"

(To Be Continued.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla. — The tattered torso of a body, hacked into innumerable pieces and burned beyond recognition, gave St. Petersburg today the most gruesome and mystifying crime in local police annals.

Senator Borah stopped advocating recognition of the Soviet Union because of proof of Communist propaganda submitted to him by former secretary of state Hughes. Borah flatly denied this, and stated that he never saw any document that would have the slightest weight in regard to the matter. Detectives may be the dumbest mortals, outside of a coffin, but they are the world's most shameless liars. Because they are dumb, perhaps!

Roll in the Subs For The DAILY WORKER.

THE JACKASS ON A SPREE



This picture represents the battle in the ranks of the democratic party between the wet Wall street forces led by Al Smith and the dry, K. K. K. elements whose standard bearer is William Gibbs McAdoo. It looks like another attempt at political suicide on the part of the donkey.

believe it was proper to publish full details of the Hall-Mills case. That was a case of what might be called NICE CLEAN CRIME." (cops ours—T. J. O'P.). Here's for nicer and cleaner crimes! The Rev. Hall was killed in a shady lane while holding a clandestine meeting with his chander.

It seems that almost everybody else in New Jersey was there, too. The papers must have reasonable crimes to fill their pages with. But criminals mustn't go too far. They must consider the susceptibilities of the press. If they want publicity in the future they must avoid the pit-

falls of scandal. It looks bad for King Benjamin of the House of David whose trial is approaching. He is liable to be shoved in with the used-furniture advertisements. "Daddy" Browning was a wise gander after all. He got under the tape just in time.

THE William J. Burns detective agency evidently believes in "secret covenants openly arrived at." A few days ago we commented on a speech delivered by the master fink and perjurer, before an aggregation of rotarians. He spoke on crime and criminals, and blamed Karl Marx and

Lenin for both. Another one of his hirelings picked on a Kiwanian club, and spewed a similar speech on them. The understudy, however, accomplished the impossible. He proved himself to be a bigger sap than Burns. He declared that he was in possession of information to the effect that a group of revolutionaries were now plotting in Brooklyn, to bring about a revolution in Venezuela, but, since the Burns agency was investigating the conspiracy, he wished to keep the matter a secret. Then he had the "secret" published in the New York Times. The stoolpigeon also declared that

Get Your Union to Telegraph Congress Today!

WITHDRAW ALL U. S. WARSHIPS FROM NICARAGUA!
NO INTERVENTION IN MEXICO! HANDS OFF CHINA!

Don't Delay!

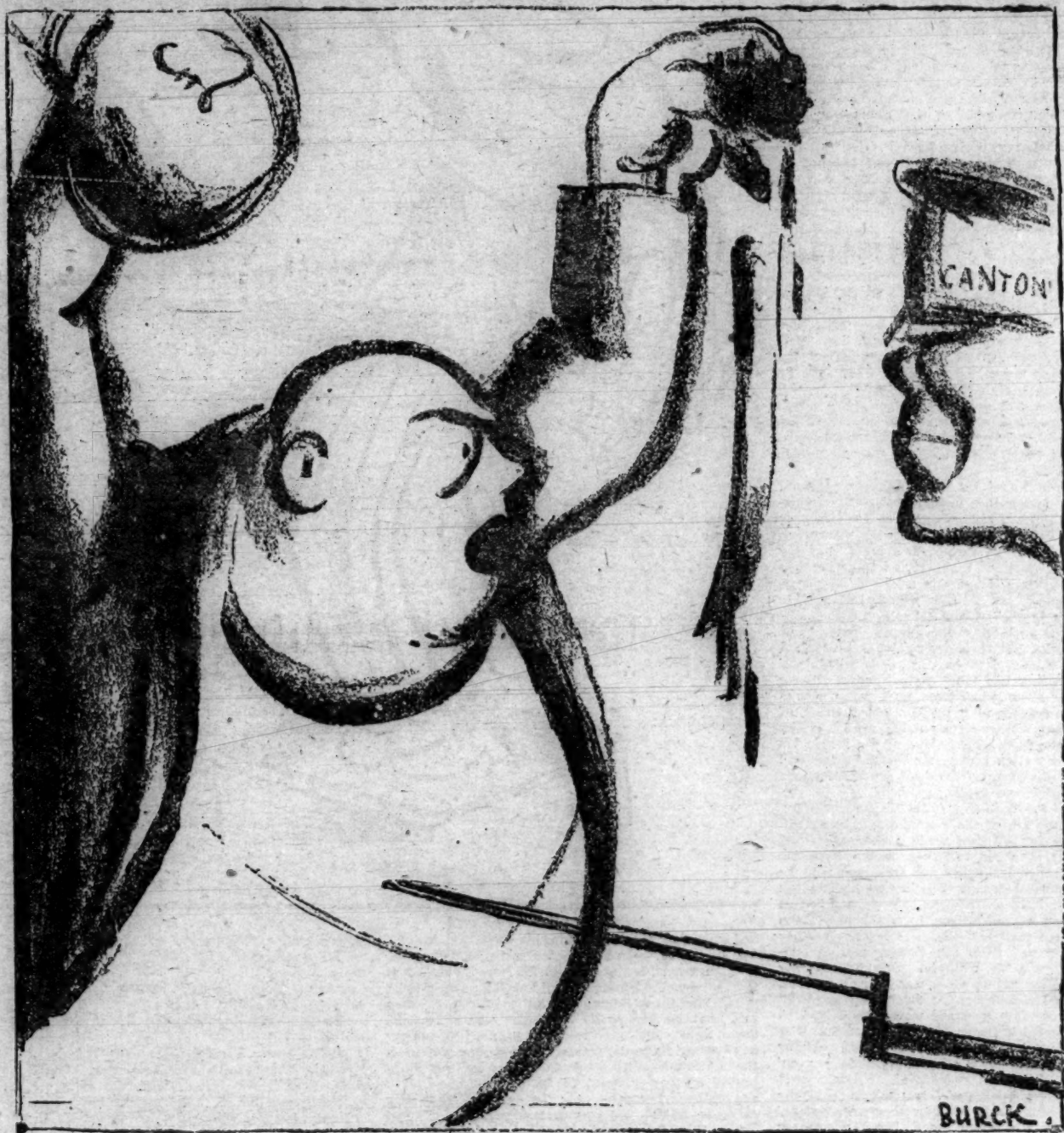
THE NEW MAGAZINE

Supplement of THE DAILY WORKER

Second Section: This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1927

ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor



The Bayonet Is Mightier Than the Bible.

In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

THERE is a struggle going on inside the British cabinet between those who think it wise to pursue a moderate policy towards the Cantonese, and the blood and iron element that trusts to the sharp sword rather than to the slippery tongue. Both are thoroughly imperialistic. Both will defend the interests of the empire with equal enthusiasm and loyalty. The differences between them are over the question of the best way to preserve British interests in China. Chamberlain believes in using sweet language to his enemies. Churchill is a sabre-rattler. Neither of them considers the question of peace or war except in so far as either one or the other may help imperial interests.

Nevertheless we cannot ignore those inner conflicts. They play a big part in history. The conflicts within the different capitalist states as well as the clashing interests of different imperialist

powers interfere with their desire to make a united front against a common enemy. Without question the robber powers would have crushed, or made another military attempt to crush the Soviet Union but for those contradictions, the fighting power of the Soviet workers and peasants, the greed to make profits from Russian trade and the aversion of their industrial classes to a war on the Workers Republic.

Now they are unable to unite against China, though all the brigands brandish their swords and elevate their guns in Shanghai harbor. Great Britain has been the principal instigator of the conspiracy against China since Japan pulled out of the mess. Hence the main stream of Chinese hostility has been flowing against Britain. This kind of a situation was not pleasing to John Bull, so his diplomats got busy in the capitals of Europe,

America and Japan to seek assistance. Various reports were issued. It was said that this government and that government agreed to the British proposals, but nothing came of it, until the United States got involved in Nicaragua and Mexico.

It is no secret that British oil interests were in conflict with American oil interests in Mexico until about this time. The Aquila Oil company was willing to obey the Mexican laws. Then a change came. The Aquila Oil company lined up with Andy Mellon, Edward L. Doheny, "Teapot Dome" Sinclair and the Standard Oil company of Indiana in defying the Mexican government. The tory papers in London began to congratulate Coolidge on his strong policy in Latin America and—United States warships began to assemble in Chinese waters. Britain stopped picking feathers out of the American eagle's tail in Latin America.

(Continued on page 7)

The Escape of Anderson Hixon

By ELLEN WETHERELL

IT was midnight in Red City; a sultry, suffocating midsummer midnight. A black night, in which the sand roads, pine tracts and gray, barren fields were swallowed up. Occasionally a muttering of distinct thunder ominously broke the stillness. From a thicket came the musical hum of insects. The odor of cape jasmine was rich upon the air.

Delsie Hixon leaned from her window to get a freer breath, her heavy body palpitated with the heat. Mosquitoes swarmed in and out and settled upon her. She heeded them not. She was talking to herself in a low, musical voice. "I'se tole" she said, that my boy mus' leave Red City, I'se tole that my Anderson, my baby, mus' go away or he'll be killed! I'se tole that my Anderson, my baby, mus' leave his father an' mother an' go away or he'll be lynched! I'se tole that he mus' go away or he'll have toe die! I'se tole he mus' go away from Red City and never come back no mo'! But I, his mother, I remembers hearin' the voice of that Court. I, remembers hearin' the voice of that Court say, "Not guilty! Not guilty! Anderson Hixon of the crime accused. An' I remembers how I cried when I heard that voice of the Court. How I laughed fo' joy when I heard the voice of that Court a-sayin' 'Not Guilty!' An' I remembers how glad was my heart when my boy walked out of that Court, free."

"An' now I'se tole that he mus' go away; I'se tole that the citizens of Red City demands my Anderson's goin' away! They say he can't live among them no mo'." Delsie folded her arms across her broad bosom and leaned farther out on the window sill. She continued to talk in a low musical voice. "But, I, his mother say that the Law have pronounced my Anderson, free! The court have pronounced him 'Not Guilty!' an' I, his mother say he shall not go away but he shall live whar he chooses an' that's right shere at home."

Delsie paused and drew back from the window. Suddenly a red snake leaped from the threatening clouds and writhed across their blackness; a long, muffled roar followed. Still, the mosquitoes sang in the thicket.

Delsie again rested her broad bosom on the sill and went on in her low, musical voice. "I remembers Slavery Days. I remembers when I war a very lil chile an' lived with my mother on the plantation. I doan remembers no father, I expects that my massa war my father. I remembers the whippin's the black folks had, I remembers the death blows the runaways got, an' the long hunts after them that war hid in the swamps. I can see the dogs a-runnin' hard with their red tongues hangin' out of their mouths, an' their lank sides a heavin'; I can hear their long, deep bay, an' their snapin' an' snarlin' when they had foun' the po' negro. I sees toe-night the slave what runs past my mother's cabin, jess a-stoppin' long nuff to get a drink of water, while my mother steps outside into his tracks to thro' off the dogs. That slave man a-bearin' his lil brother across his breast, all bleedin' ana-dyin'! I can see all this now, an' the dogs, the bloodhounds comin' on faster and faster."

"I knows of the awfulness of the Slavery days, my mother tells me all, of the degradation, the unrest, the rebellious feelin's that made a runaway shoot hisself rather than toe be taken back. Then the prayers our peoples prays toe God, an' how he seemed toe have no mercy. The lies we had toe tell toe 'scape the lash, an' the stealin's we had toe do toe keep from starvin' when it might have been better toe have starved!" Delsie stopped. Another fiery snake leaped from the clouds, another prolonged roar broke the stillness! Delsie thrust her hand out into the night; there was no rain upon it. She went on; I remembers the day when that word came that made free men and women, and free, lil chillen of the black slaves. I remembers that day well, how them mens and womens an' lil' chillins war a-crowdin' roun' each other a cryin' fo' joy, an' a shoutin' 'We's free! We's free! Glory, glory! We's free! We's free! An' I remembers seein' the masses a-scowlin' black, an' how they goes out an' shoots themselves a cussin' mad, like the cowards they war. Then no miseries come after that free word, an' still mo'; the black peoples atryin' to get toe the North, womin' an' lil chil-lins sufferin' as if God had forgotten them. Then better days begin to come, they say up north that the black man mus' have the right to vote fo' things, toe say what he wants at the ballot-box, I remembers my husband a-votin' fo' the first time just how he feared fo' hisself! How the white folks laughed when the black folks voted, an' how those votes did not count fo' much."

"Then, long while after those 'free' days, my Anderson boy came to Hixon an' me. We's happy fo' a while, but it seems that we's not so free as we that we war. But, I said if Anderson can go to school his mother will work and wash fo' the rich, white ladies an' pay fo' my boy's schoolin'. Such a handsome boy, my Anderson, a-favorin' his father. An' I remembers how the white boys laughed at Anderson goin' to school, how they called him a 'nigger' puttin' on airs, how them white boys set on Anderson an' beat him, beat him up hard 'til Anderson struck back at one of them, and I remembers, it war that white boy, that said he would see my Anderson war lynched some day, he hated my Anderson 'cause Anderson war defendin' hisself ag'inst the white boys' blows and beatin's."

Nobody took my boy's part but the colored folks,



—By William Gropper.

and even they didn't dare to show their best feelin's. One day came when my boy war arrested fo' makin' love, they said, toe a white girl! How I laughed at that, my boy Anderson, makin' love, him only fifteen year. But the officers came an' took him, fo' they said that he had broke the law. The white girl swore ag'ains him, an' the boy that said he'd see my boy lynched some day, swore toe, but thar war them that knew mo an' they tole thar story an' that story proved my boy innocent fo' he was not there whar the white girl said he war; they showed what they called an alibi.

"Fo' three days that Court sat a'tryin' to prove my boy guilty, but the evidence war with my boy, an' the Court had toe let him go free! 'Not guilty,' said that Court on that third day."

"All the colored peoples believed it, and, some of the white folks believed it. I believed it befo' the Court said so, fo' I believed in my boy!"

Delsie stopped. Was there not a murmur of voices down the road? She brushed the mosquitoes from her arms and listened. From the bed came the heavy breathing of her husband; across the fields came the plaint of a "mourning dove." "Some peoples goin' home from meetin'," said she reassuringly. Delsie sniffed the air ecstatically. "The jasmine am pow-ful toe night." Again came the murmur of voices louder than before, and still louder, until, Delsie heard oaths and loud laughter.

She heard an oath close at hand from a thick voice, and she heard the blow of an axe. Delsie sprang from the window to the bedside of her sleeping husband. "Hixon," she cried, "Hixon, awake! Awake! thars enemies at the do'."

Hixon turned heavily in his bed, muttering that it was the thunder that she heard. At that moment the black night lifted; a white fire ran over the heavens, and in the lurid light Delsie saw a group of men fumbling at the locked gate. Again came the blow of an axe, followed by a second blow. Hixon sprang from his bed and into his

clothes, crying, "Who ar yo' an' what doe yo' want?" "We want to see Anderson at the door," came the reply.

"Anderson is sleepin'," said his father. "Tells me yo' business with him!"

"To hell with his sleeping; it's Anderson we'll see or——"

Delsie threw herself before the bedside of her boy who was awake and trembling. "Save our chile, Papa!" she cried, "save our chile, papa!" "Doan open the do' but shoot! Shoot!"

Hixon grasped his rifle, he thrust it through the open window into the darkness and called out: "I knows yo' an' what yo's wants, an' I say in the name of the law go away or I'll shoot!"

Instantly came another blow from the axe on the door, then a noise of splintering wood. As the door fell Hixon's rifle blazed. A sharp cry came up from the yard, a coarse oath followed, then a medley of oaths, a smothered groan arose to Delsie's ears. Again the black night lifted and by the light of the blazing sky Delsie caught sight of a group of men going slowly through the gate carrying something very heavy between them.

In the early morning Delsie found on her door steps, close to the wrecked door, a large sheet of coarse paper with these words written on it. "You have shot a prominent citizen of this city in the leg. We shall come again for Anderson, and we'll lynch not only him but you all, next time!"

Delsie read the lines in a trembling voice to her husband, Hixon turned to her, saying, "Delsie you have saved our boy this time from being lynched." As Hixon spoke he pointed to a large coil of new rope left before the door. "Delsie we are not free peoples! We have toe get free! What will you do when these peoples come again?" Delsie smiled as one assured of themselves and their righteous acts; "Papa," she said, "we'll defend Anderson in the name of the law!"

A Pox Upon Pagans

By Will de Kalb

I am not much given to criticizing the reverend gentlemen who each month endow the newsstands with copies of "The Catholic World." Theirs is a difficult task, editing "a monthly magazine of general literature and science" (to quote the flypiece) when all their expressions of fact or opinion must be so colored as to harmonize with the pernicious doctrine they profess and preach.

Had the article to which I shall shortly refer aroused my ire, this essay would never have been written. I have read so much catholic literature that its perversions no longer anger me. But when I find a paragraph or two that amuses me, my pen, or my two typewriter fingers rather, are inspired. This article, I might add, caused me to give birth to many guffaws, at the expense of the bespectacled and ever-so-serious minded Paulist apologists.

Among the religious laity in the Church of Rome, one would naturally expect to find many strange opinions. But those expressed in the Editorial Comment column of the January issue of this leading christian journal, rival all others for that adjective, especially in the weirdness of logic, naivete, and innocence of knowledge displayed.

The general subject of the four essays that make up the column appears to be "paganism." "We are surrounded by pagans, and by pagan ideas, pagan morals, pagan ethics," the good father tells us, with the same assurance as when he informs us that if we pray to any one of the thousands of saints the church, for business reasons, created, that particular halo wearer will cure our ills, lighten our burdens, and lessen our woes. At this juncture in his writing, we can imagine him throwing up his hands in horror at the propensity of the thought, as the true follower of the "christian" St. Paul should. He does not stick to his subject—but that is a trick of apologetics; by wandering he makes many a point that would otherwise be stillborn.

II.

I can almost concede, for example, that the sentence to death of Sacco and Vanzetti is a "pagan" act, for among the few tablets the Phoenicians have left us we find accounts of the burning in pitch of heretics. In pagan civilizations, heretics, saturated in pitch of course, were found to serve most efficiently for illumination; indeed, if we are to believe ancient history, the street lighting system of ancient Rome depended to a large extent on such human torches.

But I must insist on drawing the line even here, for in ancient times, and even up to the advent of the Industrial Revolution, heretics were burned for their heresies. In the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, their heresy was in not accepting the Rotarian interpretation of economics: they are to be executed for a murder they had no hand in committing. And pagans gave their transgressors an opportunity to prove their innocence by drinking hemlock tea; a fairer test, to my way of thinking, than a trial before a Massachusetts judge. I hold no brief for paganism, but the least I can say for it is that it was frank and honest.

Then there is the "loony gas" case of four years ago, in which a score of Jersey workers were driven insane during the manufacture of a gasoline compound which included in its formula the health-wrecking tetraethyl gas. A richly colored advertisement of the gasoline, appearing in a current periodical, recalled to my mind a woodcut on Fox's "Martyrs and Martyrdom," which was captioned: "Christian martyrs sacrificed to make a Roman holiday." But, as Johndee and his fellow Standard Oil directors will hasten to correct me, these were no "christian martyrs," only goddam foreigners.

Even the antics of Benito Mussolini I hesitate to label pagan, in spite of that grandeur complexed individual's attempt to restore, at the expense of his overtaxed and downtrodden workers, the glory that was Rome. The murder of Matteotti was done as brutally as ever Caesar Augustus executed a Gnostic. But murder has always been a favorite sport of oppressors—I do not believe I have any right to lay its source at the doors of the pagans.

III.

I mentioned, several paragraphs ago, the holy editorialist's wanderings from his subject to make an extra point or so on the sly. He begins by ridiculing Shaw, proceeds to an attack upon John Haynes Holmes, brings in Bohemianism and the suicide of George Stirling, the poet, and then, in a grand finale, analyses Anthony Ludovici's "Lysistrata, or The Future of Woman" by the methods known as *reductio ad absurdum* in the important science that defends the faith.

The Shavians have no claim upon me. I recognize Shaw's ability as a dramatist, but I apply no superlatives to my critiques of the man and his work. If the man is open to ridicule, let him be ridiculed, I say, whether it be by profane critic or holy editor.

The attack upon John Haynes Holmes needs no answer, for the writer's crude twisting of one of Holmes' literary errors defeats its own purpose. Holmes, in reviewing Bishop Lawrence's "Memories of a Happy Life," insists "there have been great labor troubles within the Bishop's barony in his day . . . they are not mentioned." The pater seizes

upon this point, and calling Holmes a "Wells-Shaw-Bergson agnostic" (each epithet, by the way, contradicting the other), assails his doctrine as a "composite of ancient and modern paganism." The good father should pull his own nose; but more of this later.

IV.

It is in his analysis of Ludovici's "Lysistrata" that the catholic apologist reveals that his education, like his church, is several hundred years behind the times.

Ludovici sets forth that "the tendency will be in a society whose principle is to sacrifice the less to the greater, to proceed to some sort of controlled and legalized infanticide." "Abnormal, defective, incurable, undesirable people will no longer be allowed to grow up . . . The gradual elimination of the undesirable dregs of humanity will clear the air . . . It is noble and virtuous to sacrifice the less for the greater, the rubbish for the precious."

"Such a plan!" the holy man exclaims in horror. He calls it, revealing an inhibited clerical obsession for Latin phrases, the "ultima thule" of paganism. The "last word" in paganism, really? Can it be that the good father has never, having faithfully limited his reading to those books not inscribed in the Index Expurgatorius, heard of Friedrich Nietzsche? The German philosopher's doctrines of the "many-too-many" and the "Super-man" are clearly expounded in "Zarathustra," written half a century ago—I would advise the reverend to procure a copy.

V.

An article rambling around the subject of "paganism" could not be considered complete if it did

Structural Worker

Two dimensional in space he stands
Moving arms in broken rhythm
Against a crimson background.
Now one hand;
Now the other
Going up and down
Up and down
Making clandestine gestures
To a huge beam of steel
That juts and groans
As it is hoisted to its place.

—MAX GELTMAN.

not include at least one whack at Communism. The exclusion of Madame Kollontai, Soviet Ambassador to Mexico, furnished food for "thought," given birth by the Roman writer's vitriolic pen.

He raises the question "if the Soviet Ambassador is a lady and a scholar, why do we debar her from the country?" He quotes an Associated Press dispatch which states that Kollontai's trunks, instead of containing Paris gowns, held a library consisting of "a wide range of general literature in half a dozen languages." He attempts to dispute her classification as a scholar by asserting that the dispatch "does not give us much of an idea of what is in her library of books, 'largely philosophical'."

What the black-cassocked editor implied, but hypocritically hesitated to state, was that the books chiefly dealt with the various aspects of Communism. I do not doubt that this may not be true, but even if it is, may one not be a scholar of Communism, just as one can be a scholar of catholicism?

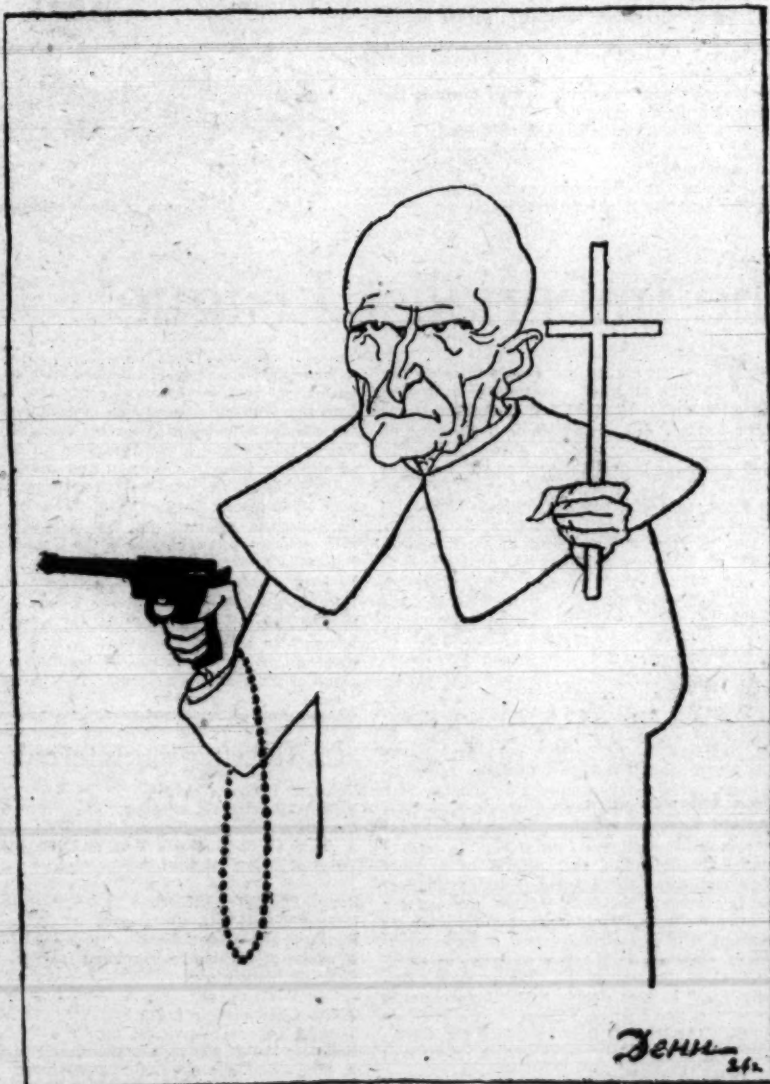
The literary clergyman questions her standing as a "lady" because she has radical views concerning the family relation. But is Kollontai any less a lady than Gloria Gould, whose divorce was recently legalized by the Roman Rota?

VI.

Upon mentioning his attack on Holmes' doctrine as a "composita of ancient and modern paganism," I said that the holy scribbler should pull his own nose. A catholic writer should be careful how he attacks paganism, for he thereby attacks the very institutions that are the foundations of his Holy Church.

Is a church that has for its sacred symbol the phallus, its highest ceremony the eating of its god (one of the most ancient forms of worship, Frazer tells us in "The Golden Bough"), its liturgy almost taken bodily from pagan religious ceremonies, its supernatural beliefs concerning heaven and hell and the resurrection of the body plagiarized from the Zoroastrian, not wholly and unequivocally pagan?

"We are surrounded by pagans," the saintly quibbler reiterates. Perhaps we are, for he, a pagan preacher of paganism, should know. But like most statements emanating from a clerical source, that one must be taken with a grain of salt. Indeed, it must be very well seasoned to be accepted by one who thinks, for himself, and is not afraid of "radical" ideas.



The Semi-Sympathizers

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

THE District Organizer was rather tired, and his nerves were a bit on edge. A sixteen-hour working day—sometimes an eighteen-hour one—is bound to tell on you, after a while.

There were so many things to think of, he reflected, as he walked along the quiet street, with its roomy comfortable houses, behind tree-shaded gardens. And, when the Party is illegal—"underground"—the work is so much more harassing. One has to make appointments on street-corners, and in remote restaurants; one must continually be on the hunt for meeting-places. One is hampered at every step by the technical requirements of illegality.

His day's work was done—all but one thing. He had attended committees; he had interviewed party officials. He had covered miles, by street-car and on foot. He was feeling worn out. But still there was one more thing to do, and an important matter it was. It held all his attention, the strained-attention of his wearied will; he must find a meeting-place for this evening! There were only two hours in which to do this, and to let the comrades know, by telephone and messenger where it was.

The delegate had arrived in the city from an important convention, he had to leave tomorrow. Tonight, he must meet the dozen leading comrades of the city, and report to them on the congress; and give them their new directives. It was up to the District Organizer, to find the place. They were waiting for him. . . they were waiting for him.

Here was the house he had been seeking. A large, middle-class dwelling, it was. There were lights shining through all the front windows. Through the open windows of the ground floor, one could hear music, laughter and a hum of conversation. Guests were arriving, as he approached.

This is an ideal place, thought the Organizer. He entered; the door that always stood open, in this Bohemian household.

There were about thirty people, in the large tastefully furnished rooms. Groups were discussing avidly subjects of high literary, artistic, or political import. Someone was playing the piano; he was the well-known professor at the Conservatoire.

The master of the house came towards the Organizer, his eyes glinting welcome, through his pince-nez.

"I am so glad you came," he said. "This is really a pleasure. Ha! You will enjoy some of the people here; they have absolutely no comprehension of our cause."

He led the Organizer towards a corner of the room.

"My dear," he said to his wife. "Look whom we have with us."

The lawyer's wife rose, and hurried towards the Organizer, her hands extended.

"Oh, how glad I am," she said. "So good to see you again. Come, there are some interesting people you must meet."

And, before the Organizer could protest, she steered him into the thick of the crowd.

"This is Mr. Gobinsky," she said, presenting the Organizer to a stout solemn gentleman, "who has made such interesting researches into the Fourth Dimension. Mademoiselle Fancin, the well-known cyclist, who has done so much for the emancipation of women. And this is our dear Flor Stax, the founder of the Flamboyant School of poetry. My friends, I want you all to meet Mr. Strauss. Shhh! Let me warn you—he is one of those terrible Bolsheviks! But you know how I feel about that! He must tell you all about his experiences in prison. Two-and-a-half years of it! Just think—in these so-called enlightened days!"

A murmur of appreciation arose. They eyed the Organizer with expectancy. One young lady ecstatically said: "How I envy you your martyrdom!"

The Organizer was in agony. He forced an amiable smile. "In a moment, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "But first, may I beg our host to show me where I can telephone?"

"By all means," said the hostess, leading the Organizer from the room.

"I must speak with you and your husband at once, for a few minutes," said the Organizer, as soon as they were alone.

"Why, of course," said the hostess breathlessly. "Oh, is it something very exciting?"

In the privacy of an upstairs bed-room, the Organizer explained his errand.

"It is a very important meeting," he said, and it must be held at nine o'clock this evening. All we want is a room—any room upstairs will do. There's only a dozen of us."

The lawyer, pursing his lips, looked doubtfully at his wife. "I really don't know . . ." he said. His wife—for once—was silent.



—North in the Washington Post.

"It is quite safe," urged the Organizer. All his harried nerves were shrieking to him to get the business done. "Everyone knows you hold frequently these literary and artistic soirees. People come and go, all the time, during them. No one will think anything, when my comrades drop in, in ones and twos. And they can just quietly go upstairs, and no one will be the wiser. Half your guests don't know the other half, so there is nothing to fear from that quarter, either." He explained it all, with weary patience, reassuring them.

"I was sure you would agree," added the District Organizer. "You are so interested in our movement. And I have always known you to be among the most valuable and helpful of our sympathizers."

"Of course, we are interested," said the lawyer. "We would do anything possible to help you. But—"

"Mr. Strauss," the hostess interrupted, "I really don't think it fair of you to ask us to do this. Consider our position! With your party illegal, it is not safe! If there were any arrests, we should be in a terrible position. My husband and I, as hosts—as inspirers, I might even say—of so many men and women of talent and ideas, have practically a public position. Can we endanger it?" She glanced nervously at her husband for confirmation.

"That is so," said the lawyer. "We really must consider 'the greatest good to the greatest number,' you know. And my position as a professional man—it is not as though I had nothing to lose. If it were discovered that the meeting was held here, it might seriously damage—. Really, while I sympathize with your ideals, as I have often said, I do not think you should come to me with this proposal."

The District Organizer was silent. He gazed at them coolly, meditatively, appraisingly.

"It is not fair!" burst out the little lawyer, petulantly.

"Is this the first time we have asked you to do anything to help us?" asked the Organizer thoughtfully.

"Yes," said his host. "But you see how it is. . ."

"Yes," said the Organizer, "I see how it is. Good evening!"

Flutteringly, his host accompanied him downstairs.

He was out upon the street again. Only an hour and a half left now, in which to find a place. He must find a place; he must find a place. It was expected of him; the comrades were waiting. The Party expected it of him! He must find a place.

He ran over, in his mind, the list of Party sympathizers living in this neighborhood.

There was So-and-So; he had a smaller place, in a poorer street. There was more risk. But still, he wasn't known to the police. . .

"Yes, I'll go there," he thought, brightening with decision. "He's a good sympathizer; and I don't think he'll refuse. He's a workingman."

And he hurried on towards the lamp-lit corner where the street-cars stopped.

The Imperialist League

By ALAN MACLANE

THERE is an article in last week's "Nation" by H. N. Brailsford, who is considered to be the chief theoretician of the British I. L. P. (Independent Labor Party). His discussion of the League of Nations is penetrating, and he shows its wordy cloak of peace and internationalism to be mere camouflage. But like all bourgeois socialists, he fails to draw reasonable conclusions from his analysis.

He recalls Smyrna, Damascus, the war against the Riff in Morocco, the British ultimatum to Egypt, and he has not forgotten that "as China entered the League's Council, British gunboats fired their salvo of welcome at the city of Wansien." Nor has Europe become a garden of peace, for he notices that the armies are as large and even larger than before; the armament works are smoking busily; while the great chemical industries in each country are being reorganized into the most powerful weapons of attack and defense yet known.

Any milk and water pacifist or liberal might say this much. Brailsford goes further: Lord Cecil, he says, explained in a speech in London why Great Britain could not reduce her armaments. "The army barely suffices to police the empire." "That speech revealed," continues Brailsford, "as plainly as any hostile diagnosis, the motives of a great power's armaments. The defense of one's home territories has become the least of the excuses for heavy armaments." Recalling that "there are at this moment fifty-five British naval units in Chinese waters, engaged, in the last analysis, in maintaining against the will of the Chinese nation certain privileges" he sees clearly that "these imperial policemen are not the guardians of the common good; THEY ARE THE DEFENDERS OF OWNERS' PRIVILEGES" (my emphasis, A. M.). And in concluding the first part of his article he says, "While it hesitates to face this problem of economic imperialism, the League is . . . etc., etc."

With this statement Brailsford reaches complete absurdity. It is as impossible for the League "to face the problem of economic imperialism" as it is for a man to stop his heart beating and still live. For if the League is considered as an organization of sixty or seventy sovereign and independent nations, trying to bring peace and cooperation by legal and evolutionary methods, its behavior since its foundation is contradictory and inexplicable. But if it is considered as a League of the Great Imperialist Powers—England, France and Japan, surrounded by their satellites, its entire past behavior becomes rigorously logical.

The League of Nations is not a "misprint in history" as Brailsford claims. It is a definite expression of the evolution of capitalism into the stage of financial imperialism. It is merely a more

On Hearing the Internationale

Voice of Labor mighty!
Rolling, thund'ring, surging,
Crashing, batt'ring, dirging
A chant of Capitalism's Tyre and Nineveh.
Voice of Labor mighty!

Song of lusty giant!
Crying "Death" to status quo,
Razing walls of Jericho,
A psalm of Mankind's happiness forever.
Song of lusty giant!

Wail of new-sprung infant!
Tearing Ignorance's vitals,
Rending Dollar Kingdom's titles,
A hymn that age-old chains shall sever.
Wail of new-sprung infant!

SIMMONS GUINNE.

highly developed means of exploitation. It is the political equivalent of the vast trustification of industry, such as the Continental Steel Cartel, or the British Chemical Combine. It glosses over the crudities of modern imperialism with a smoke cloud of committees and councils, and a wailing about democracy, ideals and self-determination.

As such we can see why Russia will have nothing to do with it. On the other hand, America begins to feel out in the cold when opposition to her imperialism in Panama, Nicaragua or China develops. Some financiers are beginning to realize this, and the financial section of Saturday's "New York Times" bears a quarter page advertisement by a prominent firm, entirely devoted to the League of Nations. In bold headlines it asks "Can American investors afford their country's twilight zone position on the League of Nations?" It says that "Today America is the outstanding creditor nation of the world. American investments abroad, including our government's loans to foreign nations, total more than \$25,000,000,000. We contend that with this amount of our money scattered over the face of the globe a continued national policy of smug isolation is outworn."

Finally it concludes, "We believe today a preponderance of thinkers in high places consider the League the best hope and agency for world peace and good-will. We believe Americans remain responsive to ethical and altruistic argument. But if self-interest must be a concomitant of action, then for the sake of and in the name of 'dollars and cents' we suggest an accounting of cost, and an indictment against further delay in America joining the League of Nations."

As for the workers, this matter of fact statement of the self-interest of Wall Street, should help to illustrate the League's true position in modern history.

The Chinese Situation

By HARRY FLEMING

THE Cantonese (nationalist) troops are sweeping across central China. Between them and the corrupt Peking government which they hope to wipe out, stand the reactionary war lords and the troops of the imperialist powers which are pouring into China.

Will the Cantonese succeed in defeating the war lords, who are the tools of the foreign plundering nations; will they be able to reassert China's independence by abrogating the unequal treaties wrung from them by the foreign powers? Will they, perhaps, succeed in establishing a workers' and peasants' republic that will stand shoulder to shoulder with Soviet Russia in its fight against the imperialist nations of the world?

To attempt to answer these questions you've got to find out what all the shooting's about; you've got to get an idea of the economic and social forces underlying the nationalist movement. You've got to find out who's pulling this revolution and why.

Ask an imperialist statesman who's pulling the revolution and he'll answer "Soviet Gold." Soviet gold has purchased Sacasa, the Civil Liberties Union, Calles and the Emir of Afghanistan.

Ask a socialist and he'll give you a more plausible answer. "This is a bourgeois revolution," he'll tell you. "The industrialization of China, which has taken place in the last few decades, has given birth to a Chinese middle class. This new native bourgeoisie wants to get the gravy that has been going to the foreign capitalist. The bourgeoisie and the students are the backbone of the revolution."

There is much in this theory that is correct. The native merchants and factory owners are a powerful factor in the revolution. They and the students supplied the fireworks at first. After the Shanghai massacre the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce called a protest meeting which made the following demands:

- 1—The annulment of unequal treaties.
- 2—The return of all foreign concessions.
- 3—The dismissal of all foreign concessions.
- 4—The transference of the municipality of Shanghai to China.
- 5—The release of those arrested the day before.

But in the last year or so, the leadership in the struggle for national liberation has been assumed by the working class. Beneath the hullabaloo and the froth raised by the students and the bourgeoisie has been the tremendous drive of labor.

The forces that have created a bourgeoisie have created a proletariat—and if the Chinese industrialist has been getting it in the neck, the Chinese worker has been getting it twice as hard.

Forced from the farm by poverty and famine (the income of the average Chinese rural family of five ranges from fifty to seventy-five dollars a year) Chinese men, women, and children entered the foreign-financed factories springing up in the coast cities. All the horrible conditions that customarily attend capitalism in its early stages, exist in China. Children of six work twelve and fourteen hours a day, with not more than an hour off for meals, for twenty silver cents a day.

Since 1920 organizations of the workers have proceeded rapidly. This Chinese worker is challenging the bosses. In so far as he is challenging his foreign exploiter, he is a force (and the dominant force) in the nationalist movement; in so far as he challenges his native boss (and this angle will become infinitely more important when China has settled its scores with the imperialist powers) he is the dominant force in the creation of a Workers and Peasants' Republic.

It is a mistake, therefore, to assume as socialists do, that the interests of the Chinese worker



From St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The Giant Is Bursting His Bonds.

and bourgeois are identical in China. The Chinese merchants and industrialists have often taken an openly hostile attitude toward the labor movement, as was the case in the strike of the Tian-Shang coal miners in 1922 which was suppressed by armed force and with great severity.

A word about the powers and the possibility of intervention on a large scale. Great Britain has—or will have in a few days—20,000 troops in China. Whether or not she is prepared to go much further on her limited budget and with opposition at home is open to question. The United States will probably follow England's lead. The policy of the United States and Great Britain in the far East have been more or less allied, since the United States smashed the Anglo-Japanese alliance several years ago.

Japan will probably refrain from armed intervention. Her chief concern with China is commercial. She wants raw materials from China; she wants to sell finished goods to China's vast population. Furthermore, she wants to keep on the good side of the Soviet Union.

More likely than armed intervention is that the powers, particularly Great Britain and the United States, will support and subsidize the war lords, who have been opposing the Cantonese. Sun Chuan-fang, who has been standing between the nationalist troops and Canton, is already allied with Great Britain. The same is true of Wu Pei Fu. It is also likely that Chang Tso-Lin, who seems to have been deserted by Japan recently, will be supported by the United States and Great Britain, in their attempt to prevent the liberation of China.

The World of William Clissold

By H. G. WELLS

(Published by Doran, N. Y., 2 v. \$5.)

IN 793 pages of words, Mr. Wells says the final word on science, industrialism, anthropology, the League of Nations, capitalism, psychoanalysis, love, Lenin, America, Marx, Russia and Communism. If the reader will, as he reads on, find too many quotations, it is for his amusement only.

Mr. Wells tells us somewhere along in the first volume that—"there is no more capitalism now than there was feudalism in the eleventh century." He cannot understand this consistent classification (by the Communists) of people into classes such as capitalist and proletariat. But what Mr. Wells cannot understand should result in no comment from us. It is rather what he understands or thinks he understands and passes judgment on with such audacious finality, that bristles our spleen. For Mr. Wells does write well. In a book that is more than

half replete with infantile notions on everything, one, still, cannot help but be struck by the amazing quality of his prose. It is masterful. Mr. Wells has never written better—to less avail.

The World of William Clissold is being received with great acclaim by the clergy here in America. They sermonize over its tolerance and "revolutionary" utterances. And their acclaim was to be anticipated. For here is a man who offers us the Kingdom of Heaven on earth—and even though he does speak against "god"—his revolution will not oust those who support the clergy, the rich. Truly the millennium. And no more starvation. For when the big industrialists stop fighting among themselves, unite and make larger profits, then, of course, the workers shall get more pay. Easy, isn't it?

Here is something that students of Leninism may have missed when studying revolutionary tactics—"for the real revolution before mankind, I do not look to the mass of people for any help at all. I am thinking of an aristocratic and not a democratic

revolution." This may interest some. "The multitude can upset anything, but it cannot create anything." Masses can only destroy. Their power in "in the strike, (where) it embodies itself in the machine-breaking expert-hunting (?) mob." That ought to suffice for what Mr. Wells thinks of the masses and revolution.

Let's laugh! Mr. Wells on Marx and Socialism. He, Marx, was an "imperfectly aerated old gentleman sitting in the British Museum." Some more. "I have accused Marx as the prime mover in the destruction of Socialism." Emphasis mine. One is almost prompted to ask if Mr. Wells does not mean the Abe Cahan brand. And is this all Mr. Wells has to say about Marx? Oh no! Mr. Wells accuses Marx of everything from wearing elastic-sided shoes to reading in the British Museum. He characterizes him as a "bearded Victorian." Marx is psycho-analyzed. Psycho-analyzed by the super-realist, Wells, who finds that "at best, he (Marx) could only copy Hegel."

The book is an interesting exposition of Fabian senility. Mr. Wells

went to Russia expecting, presumably, to find the people walking around in Greek tunics and acting, in general, a la "Men Like Gods." But, no! The people wore coarse linens and had very little to eat. They had the realistic task of building Communism in a socialized country. Mr. Wells could not see that.

The book, as said before, is well written. It deserves being read for its presentation of the "liberal psychology. We are at present hearing echoes, here in America, of Mr. Wells' ideas, in the speeches and writings of William Allen White, who declares that it is the advertiser who is revolutionizing the world, not the Communist. Mr. Wells' book is full of such ideas. Read it and laugh.

Max Geltman.

On Wall Street Business.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Feb. 4.—The San Diego marine base was depleted of marines today following the embarkation yesterday afternoon of the Fourth Regiment, U. S. M. C., under command of Colonel Charles S. Hill, aboard the Transport Chaumont bound for Shanghai.

A Proletarian Magazine

By A. B. MAGIL

A MAGAZINE became a year old. Not remarkable. Many magazines become a year old. Some are even lucky enough to become many years old and nobody takes notice of it. But last Sunday afternoon a crowd composed largely of workers jammed Webster Hall, New York, and cheered and laughed, and applauded because a certain infant magazine, printed on poor paper with small smudgy type, was celebrating its first birthday.

The magazine in question is called "The Hammer." It is a Jewish Communist monthly, published in the cultural interests of the Jewish working class by a group of Jewish writers and publicists under the chairmanship of Moissaye Olgin. And to observe this festival of its first birthday, "The Hammer" invited a group of distinguished Jewish writers, most of whom have been its contributors, to hold a symposium on art and its place in the class struggle.

The crowd too had come to celebrate, filling the pit and balcony, and those unable to find seats sprawling over railings and sills or standing up, as I did, for four exciting, incredible hours. A Yom-Tov, a holiday! "The Hammer" is a year old!

They had come, these workers, to hear what their writers, their poets and story-writers and journalists, the makers of their magazine, had to tell them about the problems of their art. The writers are all men who have come close to the Jewish masses in a way that the average American intellectual would find incredible. When John Howard Lawson, for example, sincerely and deliberately sets about the task of bridging the gulf between himself and the common people, he is trying self-consciously to do what these Jewish writers are always doing naturally and instinctively: to write in a proletarian way.

Olgin opened the symposium with a discussion of the history of "The Hammer" and its aims in helping to formulate a Jewish culture rooted inexorably in the implications of the class struggle. He then introduced J. Opatochu (Joseph Optakovsky), one of the greatest of living Jewish novelists and short story writers.

Opatochu has treated in his work the life of peasants and the reactions of elemental people in cities. His stories are full of the nostalgia of vast distances, the plodding of brute forces, written in a language that is fresh and fluid and full of sap. Even physically he has the awkward, massive solidity of a tree stump.

Opatochu began by praising the work of the magazine in "endeavoring to give literature a new orientation," and concluded with a plea for widening of its interests, the inclusion of spontaneous creative forces that lie outside the immediate field of the class struggle. This plea, uttered rather unobtrusively, proved to be the proverbial match that set off the powder. The symposium immediately developed into a controversy between two opposing points of view. On one side were ranged the poets, playwrights and story writers, and on the other were the writers on political and economic subjects, the point of dispute being: what should be the proper relationship between the artist and the class struggle.

Mulech Epstein, editor of "The Freiheit," opened the attack by accusing the writers of having gone

but part of the way in their acceptance of Communism and the identification of their ideals with the ideals of the struggling proletariat.

"We Communists," he said, "ask that the new Jewish culture be Jewish in form and proletarian in content. But so many of you writers would have it the other way around. You want to cling to the moth-eaten culture of the Jewish bourgeoisie and merely content yourselves with an externally proletarian manner and a perfunctory sympathy with the Communist cause."

"The Hammer," if it is to mean anything to the Jewish masses, ought to be not merely a collection of poems and stories, but a mighty weapon for the Jewish proletariat in the bitter struggle with those forces that threaten and oppress it."

From the applause that burst forth when Epstein had finished, it was plain that the audience was decidedly partisan. Olgin arose to introduce the next speaker, and the noise subsided into expectant silence. The battle was on. Epstein had made his challenge and his indictment. The Jewish writers would have to answer for their misdeeds. Who would be chosen to lead the defense?

The name of H. Leivik was called. It is a name that during the last few years has become known throughout the Jewish-speaking world. His play of the life of garment workers, "Shop," has been running for many weeks at the Irving Place Theater. And his poetic drama, "The Golem," is now being produced by the Habima players. Besides being the most important of the younger Jewish playwrights, Leivik is also one of the finest of the poets. And his background, moreover, is unequivocally revolutionary. He was not a "convert" to the workers' cause. This small, lithe man, with the tall, precipitous forehead under a crop of yellow hair, had spent some of the best years of his life in Siberian dungeons for his Bundist activities in Czarist Russia. And he has written of those black days bitterly and tenderly in numerous poems.

Leivik's glittering blue eyes are ablaze as he walks to the center of the stage. He speaks hastily, passionately, stumbling over his words, trying to clarify his ideas. Literature is an end in itself, he says, not a mere tool. The word to the artist is sacred. Leivik resents the "demands" that the Communist theorists make of the artist. It is wrong and pernicious to ask the artist to abdicate his individuality and merge it in the interests of the masses. He denies that the truly progressive Jewish artist is seeking to shirk the responsibilities of the class war. "The life of the artist is eternal struggle," says Leivik. "He doesn't run away; he seeks struggle, it is necessary to his existence."

L. Talmi, of "The Freiheit" staff, suave and eminently rational, made the rebuttal. Talmi posed a few questions. "Why is it that here in America, where we have so many important Jewish writers, there exists no truly unified and homogeneous Jew-

ish literature and culture? And why is it that in the Soviet Union, where Jewish writers are comparatively few and immature, we already see the beginnings of a Jewish literature and culture that is truly organic?"

"You artists and writers constitute in yourselves so many beautiful and distinguished personalities. How much more beautiful and distinguished would your personalities become, how much more freely, more deeply would they develop if they were intimately associated with the mighty movement of the workers towards the creation of a new order and a new life."

The final shots in the battle were fired by the poets, M. L. Halpern and Aaron Layeles-Glanz. Halpern, who after a hiatus of two years has recently reassociated himself with "The Freiheit," declared that the writer was typical of the environment and the people from whom he sprang, that the workers themselves were not yet psychologically proletarian and therefore the writer could not be expected to be psychologically proletarian.

Layeles-Glanz, who was one of the founders and leaders of the In-Sich (Introspective) movement in Jewish poetry, discussed standards of intelligibility in art in relation to recently published statements accredited to Lenin. The rest of the program consisted of the reading of original poems by Halpern, Leonid Feinberg and S. Kurz, a talk by Shachna Epstein of "The Freiheit," and performances by several members of the Habima players.

As I think of those four impetuous hours in Webster Hall, one or two incidents stand out luminously in my mind. There was the joyous tumult that broke forth recklessly when Olgin introduced Abraham Raisin, beloved Jewish tale-writer and folk-poet, who has become a regular contributor to "The Freiheit." Though he is only in his early fifties, Raisin has been writing for 35 years, and he is at present the most widely known and read Jewish literary figure. Many of his poems have been set to music and sung by the Jewish masses for years. Raisin is most assuredly an immortal. Not so much because of his artistic achievement; that I consider greatly overrated. He is not to be compared with the great Yehoash who died recently, and there are several among his younger contemporaries who have written poetry that is more subtle, more searching and dynamic. But none of these possesses the intimacy and the simplicity of Raisin. None has come so close to the heart of the Jewish masses, the everyday folk who take their poetry with their bread and butter.

An unforgettable afternoon. "The Hammer" is a year old. I am looking forward to next year and the years after, and to many birthdays. I am looking forward to a "Hammer" that will continue to beat upon the strongholds of capitalist society and powerfully to forge and shape the culture of the militant Jewish proletariat of America.

STAMPING PRESS.

The Stamping Press thumps out a monotone
Of time and space
And feeling and desire.
For all things are centered in the Stamping Press
Which: thump, thump, thump, thump
All day long
In constant rhythm
Never missing a beat
Like some grim gigantic heart of iron
Going thump, thump, thump
Beats out a monotone of love and life
And feeling and desire
And hope—
And a frail, bent woman
Sits and watches the Machine
And nods, nods, nods, nods
(Thump, thump, thump, thump)
Nods to the steady rhythm
Of the Press.

—MAX GELTMAN.

STEAM SHOVELS.

I see backs bent beneath the ancient scourge
In each gargantuan motion of the scoops
Whose hungry jaws fall crunching in long swoops
On tons of earth and stone. I feel the surge
Of blood through straining bodies on the verge
Of excavations where, with fiendish whoops,
The engines hurl their curse at huddled groups
Of workers driven by some mighty urge.
For you have harnessed steam to ease your toil—
Yet wond'ring at the miracle, you gasp!
The engine is your master and you cower
Beneath its whips, since neither scoop nor soil
Are yours, O slaves! The pick once more you grasp
And bend your backs—and dream not of your power!

HENRY REICH, JR.



Uncle Sam's shadow advances towards Mexico and Central America, carrying a brief case marked 3,000 claims—\$300,000,000.

"Grace of The Lamb"

By ALEX JACKINSON

THROUGH the yellow waters of the broad Yangtze floated a large river boat where lay Chang, carefully huddled together behind a coil of rope. He heard footsteps and made an effort to crouch still closer. Chang was in fear of being discovered, not that there was any danger if he would be; it was merely that Chang felt peeved and wanted to be left alone.

Before Chang ran away he was traveling with the Workers Theatre Group. He was not an actor, nor did he aspire to be one. Chang's history is brief. He is thirteen, and one of China's many waifs who spend their time fishing in the Yangtze. That is what he did before the Cantonese took possession of Hankow. It was then that Chang first heard of the "Three Peoples Principles," which the southerners were pledged to uphold. After that Chang no longer aspired to be a fisherman, instead he wanted to become a soldier, revolutionist, anything so long as it would give him an opportunity to fight for the rightful cause.

The recruiting sergeant took one look at the little body of Chang's when the latter came to enlist, and shook his head. Insistence finally moved the officer to place him as orderly to the Workers Theatre group which, though Chang did not know, had become an indispensable part of the revolutionary forces.

The Cantonese introduced a novel and effective method of spreading propaganda among the masses. As soon as they occupied a new city, theatrical groups which travel with the army, immediately take over the theatres and in such manner acquaint the people of their progress. Chang spent two weeks with the troupe, brooding continuously for not being big enough to be a real soldier, before he made up his mind to run off to Shanghai.

Along the fertile banks of the Yangtze-Kiang marched the large Cantonese army, then on the way to Shanghai. Platoon after platoon passed by in disciplined formation. Most of the soldiers were dressed in loose fitting garments of grey, but not all. Some walked in cloth shoes, others in leather boots, which left numerous footprints in the soft soil. Over their shoulders they carried folded blankets. The heat was incessant, and one by one the soldiers doffed their military caps for the wide bamboo hats which offered a slight relief from the sun.

The river banks were thickly crowded with fishermen, who left their little sampans floating midst lotus flowers to cheer the victorious troops. Onward the hope of awakened China marched. Over the wilds of Tibet they came, marching victoriously north, under the guidance of General Chiang Kai-Shek.

Famous for decades as great traders and revolutionists the Cantonese in less than three months swept from far off Canton to the outskirts of Shanghai, wiping out all opposition, including that of Wu Pei-Fu, England's cardboard "strong" man, liberating from the fetters of imperialism such industrial centers as Hankow and Wuchang. Today the Cantonese control two-thirds of China and will continue to fight until the entire country is united under their red banners.

Chang now found himself in Shanghai, but he was still lost. He seemed almost oblivious of the many people that shuffled in and out of his gaze. In truth he was conscious of his little body. He felt weak and useless to the "Three Peoples of Principles" to which he had silently pledged allegiance. He seemed to realize that he was small, and feared that the glory of success was not to be his. It distressed him somehow. Chang was inspired with that innate pride of all Orientals.

He wandered listlessly about the waterfront, hoping that the muddy waters could somehow swallow him up. It was only when his narrow eyes shifted up the harbor that his hallow cheeks became animated with life. There floating idly at anchor, he saw an armada of warships flying the colors of the Powers. Various colored flags breezed through the air. Chang looked at the high powered guns which were trained upon the city, as though he was planning things. He was. Chang knew that when the Cantonese will arrive, the same guns will be used against his countrymen. His mouth twitched slightly, as a smile broke through his lips. He scratched his shaven head, and like a dark shadow faded away.

Only Chang did not share in the excitement that was prevalent in the city. Everywhere along the beautiful Bund, foreigners walked, betraying in their hurried strides the tensiety that was in the air. In hotels guests gathered to discuss the latest events. Of the menacing Cantonese ran their talk. In consulates sat generals planning measures to be taken against the invaders. Kellogg's and Chamberlain's notes were carefully read. While in mission houses Christian Science healers were beginning to moan over their diminishing patronage. In shops, talk veered to a lack of business and to the recent strikes which occurred in Shanghai. Only today the strike against the Shanghai Tramway Co. ended. Prior to which all traffic was at a standstill for days.

Out of the industrial zone, that part which is known as "Chinese quarters," agitation was also evident. In out-laying districts followers of the Kuomintang, the Peoples party were drilling with

long rods. These men were secretly training to join the Cantonese when they would reach the city.

Throughout the ancient kingdom sprung up "Dare to die corps," comprised mostly of students from the universities. The "Dare to die" were introduced in Chiang's first great victory, when a picked squad stormed a narrow road in the face of machine gun fire. Not all crossed the line, but those that did completely routed the first of the many warlords, Chiang Ching-ming.

Now every city boasted such groups. Nationalists, who were ready to die for Dr. Sun Yat-Sen's "Three Peoples Principles"—a slogan which was sweeping throughout China with the rapidity of a forest fire. A government of the people, by the people, and for the people.



Two-gua Pilsudski.

In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY.

(Continued from Page 1)

Now we learn that the United States will pursue an independent diplomatic policy in China, but will line up with England on the barricades in Shanghai and on the waterfront. This is most amusing, but we doubt if the Chinese masses will see any humor in the announcement. Tit for tat. An agreement between imperialist scoundrels. You help me rob the Latin-Americans and I'll help you fleece the Chinese. But how far can the brigands go with this game? Remember that the ultimate judge in every situation of this kind is POWER. The Chinese have the man-power. They have RIGHT on their side and a consciousness of being engaged in a sacred crusade is dynamic. Against the mercenaries of the imperialist powers the Chinese millions are invincible. They are not as well equipped as their foes, but a united nation of 400,000,000 people is unconquerable. And the foreign imperialists must deal with a large section of their people at home who are in opposition to a war against China in the interests of the robber money barons of Wall Street, New York and Threadneedle Street, London.

The presence of Winston Churchill in Italy a few weeks back was commented on in THE DAILY WORKER last week. The result of his visit can now be seen in the dispatch of Italian warships to China and the announcement in a fascist paper that Italy would stand with England in her conflict with the Cantonese. But we are willing to wager a small sum of money that Italy will not send many warships to China. Mussolini will keep them in the Mediterranean since the former loving ally of Italy to the north would like nothing better than to see the Italian navy at the bottom of the sea.

THE elastic toothpick, first prize for exemplary gullibility is awarded this week to the czarist Russians exiled in Bulgaria, who believed the yarn that the czar and the rest of his brood are living comfortably in Siam under the protection of the emperor of that realm. The Russian church Sofia is crowded day and night and if the faithful have any old kopecks left they will soon be in the pockets of the clergy. The Russian orthodox priests were always adept in the art of conjuring up remunerative spooks and since our own Aimee McPherson, did a fade-away to her greater dishonor and profit, there is no reason why her European competitors should not shake down their flocks for what they have left.

Chang continued to walk along the wide waterfront of Shanghai. He eyed the tiny bamboo sail boats, which swayed in the waters. While on the banks stood wharf coolies dressed in rags, importuning passers-by to bid a wicker basket of freshly caught fish. These scenes held no interest for Chang. He merely looked on for a while and turned his attention elsewhere. He soon found himself walking through a labyrinth of winding streets, lined on both sides by low bamboo dwellings where the Chinese workers lived. Suspended under gaudy banners hung paper lanterns fastened on to long poles. An aroma of cooking rice reached his nostrils. Here bare-headed urchins such as he played in the roads. Some extended their palms to trousersed women wearing long blue jackets as they waddled by. Other streets were lined with stalls where tourists come to haggle over mantlepiece curios.

Chang reached the beginning of the French Bund. Here the streets were paved and well cleaned in contrast to the dusty roads he just came from. Well dressed foreigners and Chinese merchants attired in silk garments rode in rickshaws, pushed by sweating coolies. Chang took silent notice of the difference and walked on until he reached the public gardens. Near the entrance two Sikh policemen were chasing several Chinese. The public gardens is a park where no Chinese are allowed to enter unless it is a nurse with foreign children.

Like all Chinese, Chang deeply hated the Sikh policemen who were imported from India by the English. He avoided walking near the park, and instead turned into Nankin Road, Shanghai's leading thoroughfare. Here he gazed into brightly displayed windows. But even these scenes failed to attract his interest. He kept walking along without taking notice of the busily congested street.

The multitudes which swarmed both sides of the road suddenly stopped to gaze down the street from whence came the clanging of street car bells once more. The brightly painted trams rolled up the street, for the first time since the strike began, but did not stop for passengers as usual. The cars were gaily decorated by iridescent flags. The workers took the cars from the barn to celebrate their victory before resuming work.

Down Nanking Road came the chain of cars followed by workers on foot. As the cars passed certain points, sympathizers of the victorious strikers set up a shout of joy. It was Labor's Holiday and thousands of workers from other trades joined the procession. In their midst walked students carrying "Down with Imperialism" banners.

Suddenly the cars ceased to move. For a few seconds the workers were puzzled as to what happened. But not for long. Word soon reached the paraders that the company had purposely shut off power to bar their demonstration. The women instantly stepped out of the cars which were left stranded midways in the street, and held a hurried meeting. They decided to march to the company and there hold a mass demonstration. Before long the strikers swarmed down Nanking Road headed for the International Settlement, where, since the land regulations, no Chinese were allowed to enter.

Through neighboring streets, poured sympathizers in ever increasing numbers, which soon swelled the multitude to a huge mass. The roadways became clogged with milling people rolling along like an avalanche of humanity. From all corners they came, hatless and shouting, but eager to show their newly discovered strength. Wheel chairs were left in the streets as their drivers joined the moving columns.

Shop keepers withdrew their window displays fearing the wrath of the workers. The sea of humanity continued to roll onward, sweeping pedestrians off the sidewalks. Others darted quickly into hallways.

Chang felt himself being carried along. His little arms flew wildly in the air, open-mouthed he gasped as he found himself pressed tight in the midst of the crowd.

The entire force of the hated Sikh policemen were arrayed at strategic corners. In their grasp were long bamboo sticks with which they pounded the heads of the workers. Arms reached out and caught the ends of the sticks, instantly other workers edged closer until they wrested the weapons from the hands of the unwelcome aliens. Soon Britain's mercenaries were forced to retreat.

The great demonstration did not subside until the treading of heavy feet was heard in the distance, as a detachment of marines from all nations appeared from around the corner. The guns in their hands were primed for action. Without ado an order to fire was given.

Later in the day two missionary doctors were separating the dead from the wounded. Chang's little body was among the lifeless. One of the missionaries cleared his throat. "Heaven be Praised," he chanted; "not a single white man was hurt." The other rolled his eyes heavenward and replied: "Thank the merciful Lord—'Tis the grace of the lamb—"

Cantonese Correspondence

By Y. F. NAI

Canton, December 25, 1926.

Britain is rumored to have adopted a new policy toward China. This policy is supposed to have been defined in the conversations at Hankow between Mr. Miles Lampson, newly appointed British Minister to Peking, and Mr. Eugene Chen, Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Nationalist Government. It is supposed also to have been the detriment of the note sent by the British Charge d'Affaires in Peking to the ministers of the powers signatory to the Washington agreement.

Much attention has been given to this new alleged policy of Britain, in the Chinese and the world press. Although no authoritative version either of the note or the conversations has been given out, fairly complete summaries of the context of the notes have been printed both here and in England. These proposals and the conversations at Hankow, which are reported to have been "cordial," have been greeted in some circles as indicative of a new and better policy on the part of Britain.

Comment has varied. Papers heretofore anti-nationalist in tone have welcomed the new "policy" as a timely solution which will go far toward settling the differences between China and the Powers. The nationalist press, on the other hand, has not been jubilant. The contradictions between the assumptions made in the British press that it is now the intention of London to recognize the Nationalist Government within the limits of territory under its control, and the program reported to be proposed in the note have been pointed out. In regard to the conversations, nationalist supporters are assuming the attitude of unconvinced spectators. The London government gave to Mr. Lampson certain extraordinary powers for his meeting with the representative of the Nationalist Government, but these powers also seem to have extended to his dealings with anti-nationalist military chiefs. He is reported to have visited Sun Chuan-fang on his way to Hankow. He called upon Marshal Chang Tso-Lin at Tientsin, after leaving Hankow.

In regard to the note, the nationalists are not so non-committal. From reports both from Peking and from England, it would seem that there is in that note no mention of recognition of the Nationalist government but only of willingness to permit the Nationalist government, as well as Peking, to collect 2 1-2 and 5 per cent surtaxes. This has its humorous side in the south, where the taxes are already being collected.

The Chinese press bitterly denounces this proposal. This policy on the part of Britain assumes the continuation of the enforcement of the unequal treaties upon which the Washington agreement is based, it is pointed out. Further, the suggestion is looked upon as a poorly disguised attempt to give financial assistance to the anti-nationalist force and still not appear partisan in the eyes of the world.

Such a proposal is entirely in conflict with the nationalist policy, it is pointed out, and it is taken for granted that the Foreign Minister at Hankow made it clear to Mr. Lampson that the government is firmly committed to a policy of achieving the full nationalist aims which include the abolition of unequal treaties and the abrogation of all treaty rights.

Another point is brought out in the nationalist comment. These 2 1-2 and 5 per cent taxes are already being collected in Kwangtung, and all arrangements have been made to collect them in the rest of the territory under nationalist control. This has been done without consultation with the powers. Nationalist China would not, therefore, profit by this new proposal, although the anti-nationalists would profit enormously. Further, foreign banks would profit. The collection of these taxes in the south is being made through Chinese financial machinery and not through the foreign banks as in the case of the customs. Therefore, so far as nationalist China is concerned, the new plan would mean nothing but the doubtful advantage of the "sanction" of the powers, and the extremely disadvantageous transfer of the collection of taxes from Chinese to foreign hands.

There is much speculation in foreign as well as

Chinese circles about the meaning of the increasing naval concentration in Chinese waters. The third flotilla from Malta reached here some time ago and was followed by cruisers from the East Indian Squadron. Now we are told the fourth flotilla is on its way, allegedly to replace the third. Indignant comment appears in the Chinese press and even in foreign circles there is much wonder about the significance of this war-like demonstration.

The advance of the nationalist forces into Chekiang Province, adjacent to Kiangsu Province in which lies the port of Shanghai, continues. There is every indication that a winter campaign will take place. Anti-nationalist forces are reported to be coming from Shanghai along the Tientsin-Pukow Railway. The vanguard of these troops is already reported in Nanking on the south side of the river. On the other hand, the nationalist troops have been advancing unchecked and there are well-substantiated reports of a refusal to fight on the part of several of Sun Chuan-fang's generals in Chekiang. These reports have received confirmation in the withdrawal of Sun's forces which were entrenched at Kashing in the northern part of Chekiang, to Sunkiang, in southern Kiangsu.

Nationalist forces are pressing on toward the river. Military reports state that preparations are under way for an attack on Nanking and Shanghai, to be undertaken simultaneously by troops advancing from Anking in Anhui, from Kiangsu and from Chekiang.

Far up the river in West Hupeh, the capture of Ichang is reported, which will probably lead to decisive developments in West Hupeh and Szechuan.

An event of major importance in the military

field this week has been the advance of the Kuominchun out of Shensi into Honan. Several towns in Honan have been taken and the defending general is reported to have fled for help first to Chang Tsung-Chang in Shantung, then to Sun Chuan-fang in Kiangsu and finally to Wu Pei-Fu in Honan. None of these generals seemed to be in a position to help him.

No action against the nationalist forces either by Feng-Tien or Wu Pei-Fu troops, is reported along the Peking-Hankow railway in Honan. Wu Pei-Fu is still trapped between his old enemies and his former allies, the latter now apparently as hostile as the former.

Conditions in the northern capital are unchanged. Precarious finances still handicap the actions of the so-called northern government. The Minister of Finance, Mr. Pan Fu, is pleading without results, for small loans from the local Chinese bankers. The various military leaders of the anti-nationalist forces are making money by working their printing presses, but the people are growing increasingly wary of currency which is rooted in printers' ink and not in silver reserves.

In Kwangtung, things remain calm. The suppression of banditry is going on. At the Sin-Indo-China border the pirates who killed a French Consul recently have been captured and executed. Troops have been sent to clear the land zone around Biass Bay and notification has been given to the Hongkong Government to arrest any pirates running across the frontier. There are reports of direct action against the pirate chief, Lo Kwai, a supporter of the rebel chief, Chen Cheung-Ming, who still makes his headquarters in Hongkong.

On the Road Up Hankow Way

(With thanks to Rudyard Kipling for the jingle.)

By the mighty Yang Tse River, surgin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Chinese soldier watchin' and I know he waits for me,
For the wind the flood is sweepin' and methinks I hear 'im say:
"Come you on you British soldier—come you on up Hankow way."

Come you on up Hankow way,
Where the Canton armies lay,
Can't you hear their cannons roarin', can't you see the airmen play,
On the road up Hankow way,
Where the spittin' maxims slay,
Where the dawn of freedom's comin', crimson red up Hankow way.

'Is uniform is yaller with little tabs of green,
An 'is rifle an' his bay'net they look most awful mean,
While the open door's 'is motto an' he means it sure enough
For 'ell 'elp us thru it flyin' with a freeman's kick that's tough.

Guns and bay'nets made of steel,
Gawd's strewth they make you feel,
That the hempire's nearly banjaxed; just 'ear them tommies squeal
On the road up Hankow way,
Neath the screamin' shrapnel's spray,
Where the dawn of Freedom's comin', crimson red up Hankow way.

Well we're cooped up 'ere in Shanghai with the warships in the bay,
An' a barbed wire fence around us an' no Supi Yaws to play,
Their little tinklin' banjos for we aint in Mandalay,
An' them Chinese on the warpath comin' down from Hankow way.

"Bloomin' Chinks" we used to say,
(We were safe in Mandalay.)
But they cut away their pigtails and they chased us all the way,
Down the bloomin' Yang Tse River,
To our gunboats in the bay,
An' the dawn of freedom's comin', crimson red up Hankow way.

Ship us somewhere West of Suez—ship me the very first,
For the Cantonese are comin' the plunderbund to burst,
And there aint no ten commandments to stop them in the fray,
For them Chinks can fight like blazes as they come from Hankow way.

Comin' down from Hankow way,
We may sleep in Chinese clay,
An' I 'ear them Chinese singin' while the rapid firers ring,
On the road up Hankow way,
Comin' nearer to the bay,
For the dawn of freedom's comin', crimson red up Hankow way.

R. Monteith.



How Dare You Endanger Our Lives and Property.
—Thomas in the Detroit News.